

The Outlook

JULY 4, 1917

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

The first of Mr. Gregory Mason's Staff Correspondence articles from Russia will appear in next week's issue of The Outlook. Its title is "Eyes Left in Russia."

Mr. Mason started for Russia as correspondent for The Outlook shortly after the Russian Revolution took place. His former visit to Russia in behalf of The Outlook about a year and a half ago and the resulting series of articles will be remembered by our readers. The article to appear next week was sent in triplicate from Petrograd by different routes on June 2. Copy No. 2 has just reached us with some deletions by the censor. Mr. Mason writes:

"Since several weeks must necessarily elapse before this letter can be published, it is useless to write a mere chronicle of events, and only an utter fool would now attempt to prophesy concerning Russia's future. But there is one chapter in the history of the Russian Revolution which is already pretty definitely written, yet which is not very legible to Americans at home. This concerns the events from the establishment of the first Provisional Government after the abdication of the Czar up to the reformation of that Provisional Government according to a more radical mold in the middle of May. However future chapters may be written, the importance of this first chapter in the whole story will remain."

THE WEEK

AMERICAN TROOPS IN FRANCE

The first definite announcement of the arrival of American forces in France came on Wednesday of last week when a cablegram from "a French seaport," under date of June 27, stated: "The second contingent of American troops arrived and disembarked yesterday." Then followed a statement that "the troops landed amid the frantic cheers of the people, who had gathered for hours before in anticipation of duplicating yesterday's surprise. Enthusiasm rose to fever pitch when it was learned that the transports and convoys had successfully passed the submarine zone. The port was speedily beflagged in honor of the occasion."

The inference is clear, and is recognized in the Washington comment that a previous landing of American troops had occurred. What appears to be an authorized, although not an official, statement from Washington declares:

It is entirely permissible to say that they are part of the force which will be under command of Major-General Pershing and for whose arrival the General and his staff have been arranging ever since they landed on the other side. The American troops will be an entirely independent command, just as are the British troops, working, of course, with the French at the head of operations, as they are on French soil. When the troops have had their period of preparation behind the lines, they will take a place on the battle-front, to be arranged by General Pershing, in consultation with the other military chiefs there.

The successful transfer of at least part of General Pershing's force, now reported, is a cause of rejoicing the country over and an inspiring indication of the active part America is to take in the joint attack on the autocratic power of the enemy.

Now that we have, across the Atlantic, fighting men on land and fighting men on the sea, our next achievement must be to send a creditable force of fighting men in the air.

THE RUSSIAN DEMOCRACY AND WAR

There were last week two encouraging utterances of importance relating to the Russian situation—one in Russia, one in America.

At Petrograd the All-Russian Congress of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates adopted resolutions which declare that the revolutionary democracy must in every way contribute to the

reinforcement of the fighting strength of the army, both for offensive and defensive operations, and that the question of an immediate offensive should be settled by military, and not political, considerations. The Congress of Delegates declared also that the breaking of the Russian front would mean the defeat of the Revolution.

That this Congress of delegates from local bodies is still strongly under the influence of the ideal of "no indemnity and no annexation" is shown by other resolutions urging universal peace based on that idea, and suggesting that Russia's treaties with her allies should be revised to exclude any "policy of usurpation." The "no annexation and no indemnity" theory is also advocated by various German papers and Socialists; but it is noteworthy also that Herr Scheidemann, the German Socialist leader, in an article in "Vorwärts," lays stress on the democratization of Germany and the political reforms necessary to that end; while Maximilian Harden is bold enough to denounce Constantine of Greece as an enemy of the Greek people and a violator of international law, with the inference that the attitude of the Allies to Constantine was justified and that the Greek people must now rule.

The other utterance of importance above referred to was that of Mr. Bakhmetieff, the head of the Russian Mission now in this country. Speaking before the United States Senate, he gave his personal and solemn pledge that the Russian people and the Russian army were "convinced that a separate peace would mean the triumph of German autocracy." He declared that Russia rejects the idea of a separate peace with indignation and that it will fight beside America until the world has been made safe for democracy. Mr. Bakhmetieff pointed out that the work of reconstructing the foundation of Russian national life was enormous. He pleaded for patience while this vast transformation was going on, while the evil done before the Revolution by the enemies of democracy was being eradicated, and while treachery and inefficiency were being replaced by discipline, honest methods, and effective political and military machinery.

A personal word of courage has come to us in a private letter from a well-known Russian official who has long been heartily in sympathy with the democratic movement. He writes: "Alas! our honeymoon is over and we have very hard times and things to fight against. But with patience everything can be overcome."

And he adds, "We do appreciate immensely the attitude The Outlook takes and has always taken towards Russia."

OVER A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS FOR RELIEF WORK

The National response to the call of the American Red Cross for the enormous sum of \$100,000,000 was generous and gratifying. On June 26, the day after the end of the week set apart for this purpose, Mr. Henry P. Davison, the Chairman of the Red Cross War Council, estimated the total amount pledged at \$114,000,000. This includes the special dividends passed by many corporations with the expressed wish that the individual stockholders should turn over the dividends to the Red Cross. Some \$20,000,000 was included in such dividends. Mr. Davison points out that never before in history has such a fund for the relief of suffering been raised by voluntary subscription in so brief a time.

This fund will be devoted primarily to the needs of American soldiers and sailors, and secondarily to relief work for our allies. It will finance a large expansion of the already enormous work of the Red Cross, and, in particular, will make possible the administration by expert commissions in France and in Russia of American relief. One such activity will be the sending to Russia of a commission of twenty experts, under Dr. Frank Billings, of Chicago, to study the special needs of the Russian people, and meanwhile to extend immediate relief where required. A similar effort will be made in Rumania.

In President Wilson's proclamation of "Red Cross Week" he declared: "The American Red Cross is the official recognized agency for voluntary effort in behalf of the armed forces of the Nation and for the administration of relief." This confirms the words of President Taft in a proclamation issued in 1911, as follows;

1. That the American National Red Cross is the only voluntary society now authorized by this Government to render aid to its land and naval forces in time of war.
2. That any other society desiring to render assistance can do so only through the American National Red Cross.
3. That to comply with the requirements of Article 10 of the International Red Cross Convention of 1906 (revision of the Treaty of Geneva), that part of the American National Red Cross rendering aid to the land and naval forces will constitute a part of the sanitary services thereof.

It is increasingly evident that centralization of relief work is important in this war. There is plenty of opportunity for relief organizations of many kinds. So far from trying to destroy these other means of relief, the Red Cross, through the Chairman of its War Council, quite recently praised their fine work, asked them to continue it, but also urged them, wherever possible, to co-ordinate their work with that of the Red Cross. The reason and intention are thus expressed: "Where there is duplication, where there is waste of effort, the committee will recommend to this activity or that activity that it bring its influence in through the Red Cross."

As in the case of the Liberty bonds, one of the most gratifying features of the new Red Cross fund is that it was given by an immense number of individuals—the contributions literally ranged from a million dollars down to one cent. Nothing ever more truly deserved the term National. This is as it should be, for the Red Cross has now become a National organization in the fullest sense. Its membership has grown by leaps and bounds; local chapters have been established in thousands of towns; millions of workers, the great majority women, are giving personal, arduous, continuous labor. The result has been the production of war necessities (such as surgical supplies—bandages and the like), coming in thousands from little towns into a big National stream of millions—a supply enormous in itself, but not even yet adequate to the still more enormous requirements of the war. The formation of hospital units, many of which are now in the war fields and many others of which are ready to be called upon (there are something like two hundred and fifty individuals in a unit), of privately endowed ambulances, of base hospitals in the United States, of relief to needy families of soldiers, of clearing-house facilities for relief agencies, of instruction in first aid—these are part of

the Red Cross work. Mr. Roosevelt put the case in a nutshell when he said:

The most important task before us is to get the largest possible number of effective troops at the front at the earliest possible moment. Second only in importance to this is to further the work of the Red Cross in providing for the care of those troops, and also in giving aid to our hard-pressed and war-worn allies. The Red Cross is doing this in a masterly fashion under a great and efficient organization. I most earnestly bespeak the fullest support for it from every man and woman in the United States.

THE SUCCESS OF THE LIBERTY LOAN

The final figures for the Liberty Loan show that more than four million persons subscribed to the loan. Of these some 3,960,000 subscribed in amounts from \$50 to \$10,000.

The 3,960,000 persons will receive their full amounts. Those who subscribed for more than \$10,000, up to and including \$100,000, will receive 60 per cent; those who subscribed for more than \$100,000, up to and including \$250,000, 45 per cent; those who subscribed for more than \$250,000, up to and including \$2,000,000, 30 per cent; those who subscribed for more than \$2,000,000, up to and including \$6,000,000, 25 per cent; those who subscribed for more than \$6,000,000, up to and including \$10,000,000, 21 per cent; a minimum amount, however, is set for each group, so that, *e.g.*, the man who subscribed for \$11,000 will not get less than the man who subscribed for \$10,000, etc.; and the rates for higher amounts than \$10,000,000 were made between 20 and 21 per cent, so that the total allotment of \$2,000,000,000 is applied to total subscriptions of \$3,035,226,850.

The magnificent totals of subscriptions, and especially of subscribers, exceed expectation. It is an impressive exhibition, not so much of American wealth in terms of high finance, as in terms of what one might call low finance—the weekly wage envelope and the savings bank deposits. We await with interest the statement of the number of \$50 subscribers.

The success of the issue is due in very great degree to men in the banking world and to other citizens who worked and traveled early and late, night and day, at no financial recompense to themselves, in furtherance of a truly patriotic service. Particular mention should be made of the popular aid manifested in the last days of the campaign—the work of the women, for instance, and especially the work of the 238,000 Boy Scouts. The two thousand cities and towns having Scout troops were divided into districts for a house-to-house visitation. In this way more than \$17,000,000 was subscribed. The figures seem well-nigh incredible, but we think that some of the amount resulted from advice given to the boys and mentioned by Mr. Mortimer Schiff, Vice-President of the Boy Scouts of America. Writing to the New York "Times," he thus reports this bit of instruction: "When the man of the house is absent and you present the application to the lady of the house, remind her that the French national loan was taken mainly by the women of France."

THE COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

The Council of National Defense was not fully organized until March 1. It has thus been four months at work. Indeed, some of its divisions have not existed for four months; for instance, the General Munitions Board was not organized until April 9. It consists of qualified representatives of the War and Navy Departments and six civilians, exclusive of Mr. Frank A. Scott, of Cleveland, its Chairman. Before it was established the War and Navy Departments competed with each other in the buying of supplies. It has already saved millions of dollars by properly co-ordinating the purchases of small arms, artillery, gun forgings, gun carriages, caissons, military vehicles, motor transports, ambulances, armored cars, machine guns, shells, tentage, cots, military instruments, optical glasses, and cantonment work.

The Aircraft Production Board was organized mainly by Commissioner Howard E. Coffin, the well-known automobile manufacturing engineer. Its task is to make thousands of planes and to train thousands of aviators. It has arranged for the stand-

ardization of training machines between English and Canadian and the United States service. It is developing plans for battle-planes. In co-operation with the chief signal officer, it is also developing a standard type of aviation school building and equipment, and has made an agreement among aircraft manufacturers on a basis for the settlement of aircraft patent controversies.

Mr. Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is at the head of the Transportation Board, which consists of such other railway executives as Mr. Howard Elliott, of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford system, and Mr. Fairfax Harrison, of the Southern Railway. This board has completely mobilized our two hundred and sixty-two thousand miles of railway for the country's defense, and for Russia's railway reorganization has organized and despatched thither an expert engineering staff.

The Supplies Board, under the direction of Mr. Julius Rosenwald, the President of Sears, Roebuck & Co., the large Chicago mail-order house, has resulted in a vast saving of money. It has done this, first, because it has mobilized the cotton, woolen, leather, shoe, mattress, and suit goods industries, and has obtained supplies from many mills which had never before produced Government goods, and would not now do so except for patriotic motives. It has saved money, in the second place, by acting as middleman wherever it could frustrate the designs of dealers and army contractors, who in the past have secured options on supplies which they knew the Government would need, and which they then offered to the Government at an increased price.

Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, was President Wilson's nominee to the Advisory Commission to take charge of co-operation between organized labor and the Government in the more efficient prosecution of the war. At Mr. Gompers's initiative, the Council of National Defense has urged upon the Legislatures of the States as well as on labor unions the duty of rigorously maintaining existing safeguards concerning the welfare of workers, and especially advising that neither employers nor employees shall endeavor to take advantage of the country's necessity to change existing standards.

The General Health Board, established by the Council, consists of many highly qualified physicians and surgeons, under the supervision of Dr. Franklin H. Martin. It has been ascertaining the country's civilian medical resources, and comparing them with the actual resources of the Army, Navy, Red Cross, and Public Health service. It has standardized the instruments, supplies, and equipment common to all the above. At its instance the Council has taken decisive steps for our soldiers' and sailors' hygiene and moral welfare.

The Council of National Defense has now taken over the National Research Council as one of its boards, and it is supervising the study of devices for detecting submarines and aircraft, for improving wireless apparatus and other instruments used with aircraft, for utilizing waste and by-products, for preventing corrosion, for developing military photography, and for inventing new fabrics for service on land and in the air.

The above and others of the Council's activities will agreeably surprise some and gratify all in showing that it is not only a co-ordinating force in preparing America for war, but is also a new and compelling force in solving many military, industrial, and social problems which confront us, war or no war.

ACADEMIC AND MILITARY NOTES FROM HARVARD AND YALE

As The Outlook said in its last week's issue, the college Commencements of the present year had a particularly military character, strangely unlike the usual celebrations of academic tradition. Yale, for instance, was visibly stripped for war. In khaki and navy blue her students came back on furlough to receive their degrees. Many others were absent from the ceremonies on service. In place of the usual baseball match with Harvard a mile-long military procession of State and University units marched to Yale Field for the dedication of the Armory erected by alumni and friends of Yale. A picture of the ceremony on Yale Field appears in this week's illustrated section.

President Hadley's baccalaureate sermon, from the text "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed," declared the call to sacrifice for an unselfish ideal more urgent and universal now than ever before, both for those who faced hardship and death at the front and those supplying them at home.

It is interesting to record that one hundred and eighty Yale students have enrolled in the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps. The visitors from New Haven will be apportioned among the Harvard companies. These men have been devoting almost all their attention to the artillery arm of the service. They have already taken a course of lectures under Captain Dupont, of the French army, who is an artillery officer. Captain Dupont is now at Harvard, and the Yale men are expected to profit from the additional instruction which he can give them.

A SUGGESTION FROM A FRENCH OFFICER

The Harvard training regiment has lost the services of Captain Cordier, who has been its commanding officer for two years. The regiment, however, will continue activity under the French officers now at Cambridge. At the dinner given to Captain Cordier before his departure Colonel Azan, the ranking French officer at Cambridge, paid a striking tribute to the Harvard regiment, and also put forth some sound advice based upon his own experience in France. Colonel Azan said:

The problem of the officering of the troops is the great problem to solve, in America even more than elsewhere. I have had the great honor, gentlemen, of having been given this problem to study for the French army, when, as the result of the terrible losses experienced by our troops, our small units had come to lack leaders. It was thus that I came to create, in September, 1916, schools for all arms and for all ranks in immediate proximity to the front.

The General-in-Chief gave me as collaborators in this work the best officers that he could find among those that had really fought in this war and placed them at the head of the different schools. Then, while our troops continued fighting, they sent to these schools officers and non-commissioned officers, and these attended courses for terms varying from twenty to sixty days; they then returned to their army corps and became instructors in schools of smaller size, teaching particularly during periods of rest. This system has given excellent results and has permitted the knowledge of the newest methods to be extended little by little until they reach down to the humblest soldier.

Colonel Azan believes that such a system would be especially desirable for the new American Army, which has had no experience in European warfare and is almost entirely without trained officers. He believes it impossible to instruct five hundred thousand or a million men in the immediate future without at least one experienced instructor for every hundred men. Colonel Azan apparently believes that time would be saved if, instead of attempting to train officers for our new armies in large camps, we should endeavor first to create a staff of instructors having actual war experience. He said further:

A comrade of the American Army asked me recently how much time, in my opinion, would be necessary to prepare an American soldier for warfare? "From three months to a year, according to his teacher," was my answer. Moreover, if the instructor is bad, the soldier will know nothing at the end of the year and will be killed. . . . The methods which have been introduced in France under the pressure of necessity, and which have succeeded there, ought also to succeed in America.

It is to be hoped that the War Department will be able to give its hearty support to the efforts of the Harvard regiment despite the imperative demands for equipment and officers at the present time. The men who are training at Harvard and other universities and colleges should provide the best possible material for the leaders of our new army.

CONGRESS: TRANSPORTATION

Lumber and flour are at high prices, not because there is not enough of these commodities in the country, but because several times the amounts of lumber and flour usually in transit on the railways are in transit to-day—not actually in movement, but lying on side-tracks, in railway yards, and at various railway terminals. This is due to the shortage of freight cars.

There is doubtless an insufficient supply of cars. But it is equally true that in supplying them there has been lack of co-ordination among the railways. This lack will not exist henceforth to large extent, we suppose, now that the Pomerene Car Service Bill has passed Congress and been signed by the President. The Act authorizes the Inter-State Commerce Commission to require all carriers to file with the Commission from time to time their rules with respect to car service, and, whenever necessity exists for immediate action concerning car supply, also authorizes it, either on complaint or without, to suspend the car service rules and make such reasonable directions as will best promote that service. If the carriers fail or refuse to comply, the penalty shall be from \$100 to \$500 for each offense, and \$50 for every day of its continuance. The new law may thus be regarded as one of the National defense measures passed by Congress, for at a time when \$77,000,000 is being spent in erecting cantonments prompt railway service in delivering building material is of primary importance. Thus, aided by the Pomerene Act, the policy of the War Department should be carried into effect on schedule time by at least having ready shelter for the National Army when it is called into service.

Of other measures for National defense now before Congress the Food Production Bill, having passed both houses, is still being allowed to slumber in conference between them. This may be due to the desire of the party in power not to enact the measure in its final form until the fate of the Food Control Bill is determined. This latter measure has passed the House and is before the Senate, where it is menaced with delay. Hoarding and speculation, however, may be checked by enacting the Food Production Bill as it was passed by the Senate, with its amendments providing that any person trading in food, fuel, or other necessities of life who shall store them in order to limit supply and affect prices shall be deemed guilty of a felony and be punished by imprisonment for not less than six months or more than three years; also providing that if the President shall find that dealings in grain "futures" unreasonably enhance the price of cereals he may at once request the traders in such exchange to discontinue all dealings in futures, any refusal to be punished by a fine of not less than \$500 or by imprisonment for not more than one year, or by both.

The Tax Bill has been temporarily set one side that precedence may be given to the Food Control Bill.

CONGRESS: TRADE

After some delay, the President, exercising the powers invested in him by the embargo clause of the Spy Bill recently passed, has created an Exports Council to direct exports so that they will go first where they are most needed and be withheld where they can best be spared. In explanation of his Executive Order creating this Council the President prophesies that the volume of exports will not be greatly checked or prices affected. He will carry out his policy, not by prohibitive regulations, but by a system of export licenses. While there is no precedent in American history for the power given to the President, neither is there precedent for the present exigency in world trade.

In order to encourage export trade in general, the House has again passed the Webb Bill, which, while leaving in force the Anti-Trust Law as applied to our own markets and as affecting American exporters in their dealings with each other, makes it clear that our exporters are free from laws against combinations in order to do business in foreign countries according to foreign laws. Such combinations for foreign trade as those allowed by this bill are permitted by all the great commercial nations. Some nations grant additional advantages, such as preferential freight rates for export shipments, direct ocean transportation controlled by powerful international combinations, and far-reaching banking facilities to take care of foreign credits. Our exporters wish similar advantages. They note that before the war Germany made the German dye, coal, coke, iron, and steel industries units in foreign trade, and that her methods have been followed by France, Belgium, and Japan, notably by the latter, which, to the discomfiture of American exporters, has now built up a large trade in cotton goods in China. To hold the foreign trade acquired during the war and

successfully to meet competition after the war we shall have to compete with the selling agencies of other countries, which are highly organized because they economically combine a number of producers under one selling agency and also check cutthroat bidding among them.

The War Risk Insurance Amendment Bill has passed both houses and has been signed by the President. This measure amends the Act of 1914 by insuring masters, officers, and crews, as well as merchant vessels. It defines the rates of insurance for officers and crews, as follows: In case of death, permanent disability, or loss of both hands, both arms, both feet, both legs, or both eyes there shall be a payment equal to one year's earnings, the insurance not to exceed \$5,000 or to be less than \$1,500; for lesser disabilities there are proportionately smaller payments, and in case of detention by an enemy a payment during detention at the same rate as the earnings of the insured immediately preceding his detention. This new law is an important measure in the prosecution of the war.

A NOTEWORTHY ROMAN CATHOLIC DOCUMENT

A Roman Catholic reader of The Outlook has recently sent us the report of a Commission on Religious Prejudices appointed in 1915 by the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus. The object of this Commission was "to study the causes, investigate conditions, and suggest remedies for the religious prejudice that has been manifest through press and rostrum" against the Roman Catholic Church.

The statements of this Commission have not, of course, the authority which would belong to statements by an ecclesiastical body consisting of the higher clergy of the Church; but they may be taken as fairly representative of the sentiments of the Roman Catholic laity, and especially of the younger men in that Church. The relation of the Knights of Columbus to the Roman Catholic Church might legitimately be compared with the relation of the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew to the Episcopal Church, or the Young Men's Christian Association to the evangelical Protestant churches.

There is so much of value in both the spirit and the beliefs of this Commission that we are glad to report it to our readers. Its spirit is illustrated by the statement that, while a few non-Catholic ministers were found maligning things Catholic, "in justice to our separated brethren, however, it should be said that instances of this character were not the common rule and, while doubly reprehensible, were not, and are not, representative of the great body of non-Catholics in this country." Perhaps more significant is the method pursued by the Commission to correct false statements regarding the Church. In one case, in answer to the question editorially asked, "Why does President Wilson have a Catholic secretary?" Colonel Callahan, the Chairman of the Committee, promptly replied, "A similar question could be asked of me, 'Why does Mr. Callahan have a Baptist secretary?' and the same answer would apply—namely, secretaries and other assistants are selected, not on account of their religion, but on their merits, as they should be." In several cases where the Chairman felt that the local press were doing injustice to the Roman Catholic Church he wrote, making corrections, and his letter was published and the misrepresentations ceased. In one case, in which the editor of a country paper refused to make corrections or answer letters, "the names of some five hundred families in his county were then secured, and at intervals each of them was sent some piece of literature thought adapted to the occasion. This seemed to produce the desired effect, for the paper has been clean for months."

On four crucial questions the statements of this Commission are very clear, and to patriotic citizens of all classes will be very satisfying:

(1) "The Commission invites the co-operation of societies and organizations of all religious beliefs to the end that the Constitutional provision regarding freedom of worship may be understood and upheld."

(2) "There is not now, nor is there warrant for thinking there ever will be, any attempt on their part [that is, the Roman Catholics] to interfere in any manner with the advancement of common school education in any part of the United States. . . .

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Murphy in the New York American



BLINDED

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From La Victoire (Paris)



PACIFISM IN RUSSIA

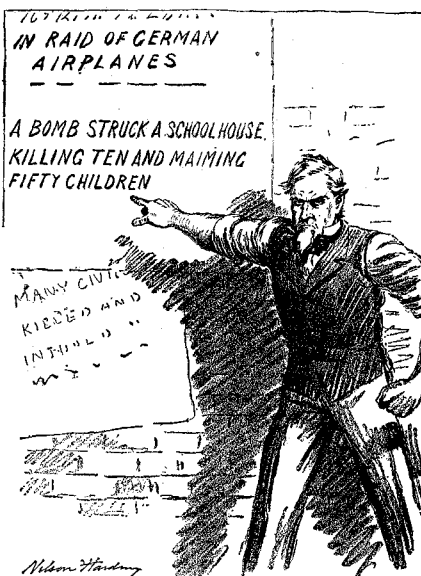
Soldier: "We are all brothers, I know—but perhaps you had better let go my hands!"

Rehse in the New York World



"TO FIGHT FOR YOUR FREEDOM AS WELL AS OUR OWN."—ELIHU ROOT

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



WANT A REASON FOR FIGHTING GERMANY?

Barelay in the Baltimore Sun



THE NEXT COMMAND

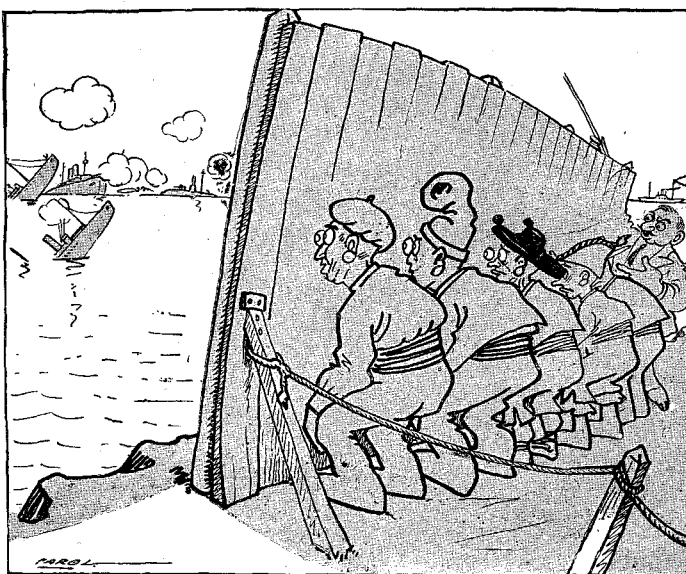
"You may fire when you are ready, Pershing!"

Carter in the Philadelphia Press



THE WAR EAGLE'S BROOD!

From Campana de Gracia (Barcelona)



THE JOYS OF NEUTRALITY

Spanish Statesman: "You may look at the performance, gentlemen, but you must not interfere!"

Brinkerhoff in the New York Evening Mail



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DISTRIBUTING THE BURDEN

We desire universal education, would have it free where possible, and would make it compulsory where necessary."

(3) "Neither do Catholics owe any political allegiance to the Pope. The Church speaks with authority on questions of morals, but not on political questions." And again: "We owe allegiance to the President as Chief Executive of the United States, and regard him as supreme in all that concerns our civil and political life, just as we owe allegiance to the Pope as head of our Church, and regard him as supreme in all that concerns our religion."

(4) And in working for the moral betterment of the community the Commission, speaking for the Knights of Columbus, expresses the desire that religious creeds shall constitute no cause of separation between moral reformers. "We urge our members to become more intimately acquainted with social problems and more closely identified with right movements looking to their solution, and that they actively join with those of all other creeds and stand as a body for the betterment of public morals, the furtherance of social justice and the very best in citizenship."

PROHIBITION AND THE WAR

THE United States is at war. A nation at war is like a crew in an open boat far out at sea.

The first duty of such a crew is to win its way to safety. If tearing the shirts off the backs of the crew, patching up a sail, and using the oars for a jury mast will best speed the boat to shore, that is what must be done.

If leaving the shirts untouched to protect the crew from the cold and rowing with the oars will bring the boat more quickly to safety, then no other method need be discussed.

When the crew reaches shore, it can sit down at its leisure and discuss the abstract advantages of sail power and oar power—but not before.

In just this spirit the country should approach the present question of adopting National prohibition.

Will National prohibition save enough foodstuffs to help us to win the war?

Professor Irving Fisher tells us that it will save 11,000,000 loaves of bread a day. The brewers themselves admit that they use one per cent of the food products of the country, and one per cent of the food products of the country means enough food to feed a million people for a year. Mr. Hoover tells us that by the abolishing of beer alone "we can save from fifty to sixty million bushels of grain, . . . and that grain is of the utmost value to our allies."

Will National prohibition help us to protect the health and morals of our soldiers and of our civil population? Apparently the War Department thinks so, because it has asked and received from Congress the power to prohibit the sale of liquor to men in uniform. The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America believes that it will, for it is working for prohibition to the best of its ability. The National Conference of Charities and Correction recently violated its custom of passing no resolution on a controverted subject by adopting a declaration favoring "the absolute prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating beverages during the war and for at least one year thereafter."

Prohibition, if adopted now, should be adopted as a war measure exclusively. The attempt of certain prohibitionists in Congress and out of Congress to force the adoption of a permanent policy of prohibition at the present time is not good political strategy or statesmanship. It is on a par with the political strategy of those agencies in and out of Congress which are attempting to block war measures for the conservation of our food supply because these measures may jeopardize the liquor industry.

Prohibition, like so many other matters now before Congress, should be treated exclusively as a war-time measure. As the war will inevitably strain the structure of our Government, it is essential that the delegation and division of such new powers as may be necessary should be temporary in character and form. After the war is over, we can determine whether we wish to keep any or all such Governmental organizations or policies as have proved useful and essential in the stress of combat.

That is why the sub-committee of the Senate which is con-

sidering the Lever Bill has been wise, we believe, in advocating an amendment which, while it makes it "unlawful for any person, firm, or corporation to use in the manufacture of any intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes any perishable or non-perishable feeds, foods, or food materials," proposes that the President shall have the power to suspend or modify the action of this clause (except in the case of distilled liquors) and to prescribe the alcoholic content of such liquors as may be made during the war. Such provision should in its purport satisfy the prohibitionists and disarm the liquor interests.

With such a law on our statute-books, we should be in position to put before our allies with emphasis and justice an appeal to do likewise. If we are to save our own grain for their benefit, withholding from our own people the liberty of using it to make liquor, we have some right to say that our allies should use that grain for food and should not waste it, or the grain it releases, for the making of drink which we deny ourselves.

THE GERMANIC MENACE TO LIBERTY

On August 15, 1914, the week following the beginning of the great world war, *The Outlook* in the following paragraph defined the purpose of Germany, which she herself had not then defined:

The inevitable consequences of the Austro-Germanic alliance, if it is successful, it requires no prophet to foresee. It would put an end to all hope of a Balkan Confederacy. It would reduce the Balkan States to provinces of Germany and Austria. It would make Belgium and Holland Germanic provinces, as Finland has been made a Russian province. It would result either in a close alliance or, more probably, in an organic union between Austria and Germany. It would create a Germanic Empire which would extend from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. It would bring all Europe under the domination of this Germanic Empire, as all southern Europe was under the domination of Rome in the first century, and as Napoleon endeavored to bring all eastern Europe under his personal domination in the last century. It would reduce Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, and England to subordinate positions, if not to dependencies. It would banish from all eastern Europe for the time the democratic movement of which France and England are the leaders. It would discourage the hopes of democracy in Spain, Italy, and Russia. It would enthrone autocracy from the Atlantic coast to Siberia, and from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. For the statesmanship of Gladstone, Gambetta, and Cavour it would substitute the statesmanship of Metternich and Bismarck.

Nearly three years have passed. Germany's armies occupy a large part of northern France and nearly all of Belgium and Luxemburg in the west. They occupy Serbia and part of Rumania in the east. Germany's alliances give her political control of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. By alliance and conquest she is master of middle Europe. Her dominion extends from the North Sea nearly to Bagdad. The map accompanying this article puts this fact graphically before the reader.

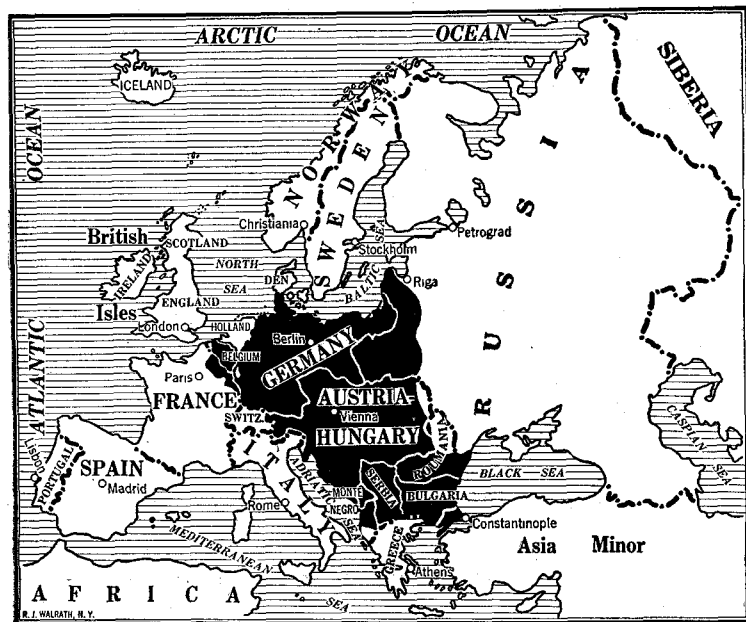
If the Allies should accept the proposals for peace made by the Socialists of Russia—no indemnities and no annexations—the result would be this: Germany would evacuate France and Belgium, but she would make no recompense for the incomparable injury she has inflicted on these unoffending nations and no return of the booty which her robber bands have carried off from pillaged cities. She would evacuate Serbia and Rumania, but Serbia and Rumania, almost surrounded, would fall like ripe apples into her lap the next time the tree was shaken. Poland would remain a dismembered state; half of it might become a province of Russia, the other half would be restored to the scepter of the Kaiser. And he has told us in vigorous terms what fate would befall Greece as soon as he was free to work his will upon that liberty-loving people.

If the Allies should consent to peace on the terms proposed by the unthinking pacifists of Russia, the war for democracy would have been fought in vain and the liberties of the people of Europe would have been betrayed by the feebleness or the folly of their defenders.

Has, then, this war been fought in vain? Have the soldiers of England and Scotland and Ireland, of Canada and Australia,

of France and Belgium and Italy, of Russia and Serbia and Rumania, poured out their blood in vain? At the end of these years of awful war is imperialism victorious and democracy defeated? A look at the present map of Europe might give that impression; but to answer that question a look at the map is not sufficient. One must look at the minds and hearts and wills of the free peoples of the world.

In 1812 Napoleon had vanquished Italy, Prussia, and Austria; had put his own appointees on the thrones of Naples, Holland, Spain, and Sweden; had annexed to his own domain Tuscany, the Papal States, and a considerable section of territory from defeated Austria; and had made an alliance with Russia—changes in the map which seemingly gave him control of western Europe and his ally control of eastern Europe; and with the co-operation of his ally he had undertaken a blockade



of the British Isles, which Germany is now attempting by a different method and with something like the same measure of success. Three years later this world conqueror was a prisoner on the island of St. Helena. In 1777 the British troops occupied both New York City and Philadelphia, had military control of New Jersey and the New York coast, and were preparing with every prospect of success an invasion of New York State by a large force from Canada, while the colonial army, reduced to eleven thousand men, was suffering from cold and hunger in Valley Forge. Three years later the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown brought victory to the American cause. Napoleon had not conquered the spirit of nationalism in Europe; George III had not conquered the spirit of patriotism in America; there is no reason to think that Germany has conquered the spirit of liberty in the democratic nations of the world. The spirit of liberty was never more determined than to-day. The nations united by that spirit were never more united.

This war against democracy was begun by two Powers, Germany and Austria-Hungary. Five Powers united in resistance—Belgium, France, England, and Serbia whole-heartedly, Russia half-heartedly. To the forces of imperialism have since been added Turkey and Bulgaria; to the forces of liberty, Japan, Italy, Portugal, Montenegro, Rumania, the United States, Cuba, and the Republic of Panama. Brazil, Bolivia, China, and Haiti, by breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany, have signified their condemnation of her course, though they have not joined the military forces lined up against her.

Three years ago in the issue between imperialism and democracy two imperialistic Powers, previously prepared for the anticipated campaign by half a century of military organization and militaristic education, confronted two democratic Powers, lovers of peace and unprepared for war, aided by a Power the will and courage of whose people have been until recently constantly thwarted in the war by the combined incompetence and treachery of rulers more brutally, though less efficiently, autocratic than the rulers of Germany. To-day the entire civilized world is in alliance, formal or informal, against the forces of

autocracy, and the treacherous rulers of Russia are in prison or in exile, though her people, dazed by their sudden awakening from the sleep of centuries, have not yet found a will to act. Scarcely more than a year ago the President of what is in territory, wealth, and numbers the greatest democracy in the world interpreted the public indifference of his fellow-countrymen by the declaration that the causes of the war were obscure and the conflict was one with which America was not concerned. To-day he interprets the change in the thought of the country as well as in his own thinking by the declaration that the object of the war is to make the world safe for democracy, and that to the accomplishment of that object Americans should dedicate their lives and their fortunes and be ready to spend their blood and their might. He who does not see the changes which war has already made in the map of Europe is blinded by his hopes. But not less blind is he who fails to see the far greater change which war has made in the minds and hearts and wills of the men and women of the civilized world.

The duration of the war, if not its immediate issue, may depend upon the degree to which that change has taken place in the minds and hearts and wills of the American people.

If we enter upon this war half-heartedly, if we are still uncertain as to the cause of the war and doubtful whether it concerns us, if we are deluded by our hopes into a belief that the war is already practically over and Germany is tottering to her fall, if our National pride is satisfied by our loan of \$3,000,000,000 to the Allies and our endurance of an unparalleled taxation to meet the war's demands, if we waste the precious hours in needlessly prolonged debates over methods and needlessly delayed preparations for an imagined great achievement in the remote future, our feebleness and folly will certainly prolong the war for many months, and may bring it to a close with the Hohenzollerns masters of middle Europe from the English Channel to the Dardanelles. If, on the other hand, we devote ourselves to a defense of the world's liberties with the whole-hearted devotion with which our fathers devoted their fortunes and their lives to the liberties of this country, if our means are poured out without stint and our soldiers are sent in divisions and army corps, if we not only undertake with enthusiasm but persist with patience in our task of helping to feed the world at war, if we are ready to submit without grumbling to unexampled taxation and to practice before unknown economies, if we are willing to surrender for a time some of our individual liberties at home as our soldiers have surrendered theirs in the field, in order to win freedom for the world, our entrance into the war will not have been in vain.

The victories of Napoleon in the field were brought to naught partly by his insane and intolerable egotism, partly by the indomitable and unconquerable persistence of the British people, who never lost their courage even when their allies lost their hopes. The victory of the Kaiser in the field will come to naught if the American people engage in this defense of the inalienable rights of humanity with the self-sacrifice of the Belgians, the enthusiasm of the French and the Italians, and the dogged resolution of the Anglo-Saxons.

MORE'S "UTOPIA" AND FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AFTER

More than four hundred years ago the manuscript of "Utopia" was given by More to his friend Giles. In November it was placed in the hands of the printer, Martin, of Louvain, and a short time later it made its appearance. The evidence shows that the text was completed in 1515. But More was sent by the King to the Continent on an embassy, and did not return till late that year. Affairs of state claimed his attention for some months after his return, and it was not till the late summer of 1516 that the Introductory Epistle was written. This was most fortunate, for the Introduction contains reference to some recent events and voices the most forceful protest in the book.

It is sometimes supposed that "Utopia" is the idle dream of an idle hour. But this is far from the case. As a matter of fact, it is one of the most serious books of history, and contains the protest and confession of a brave and wise man. Beyond that

it voiced some of the hopes and convictions of a remarkable group of earnest reformers, of which we will say a word later.

The time was the close of the Middle Ages and the beginning of modern history. A hundred and fifty years before Wycliffe and his preaching friars had gone all over England breaking up the ground and sowing the seed. The new learning of the Renaissance had stirred a new spirit in men and had taught them to ask questions. On the Continent, both in the schools and among the peasants, a spirit of spiritual and social inquiry was abroad.

It was also a time of world expansion. Only a few years before Columbus had returned from his voyages of discovery to tell men of a new world. Explorers of various nations were vying with one another in discovering new lands and presenting them to their sovereigns. Vespucci had just published his account of explorations. The map of the world was being completed. Why should not a new order of human society appear?

In England at this time there was a little group of brave and earnest reformers. Colet was the preacher and theologian, and as Dean of St. Paul's he drew throngs of listeners to his expositions of Scripture and his sermons on vital religion. Erasmus was the scholar and literary man, who spent part of his time on the Continent, but regarded England as his real home. His soul was aflame in revolt against the corruptions of the Church and its perversions of doctrines. More was the statesman and man of affairs; but he was even more pronounced than either of these in his censures and appeals. Colet and Erasmus, in common with Luther and Melancthon, wished for a reformation in the Church in doctrine and life. More and Hubmater, along with many others, wished for a reformation in state and society. In his "Utopia" we have both a protest and a confession—a protest against things as they were in the world, a confession of faith in a new and better social order.

It is not necessary here to discuss the form or characters of this book. Suffice it to say that More represents himself, on one of his trips to the Continent, falling in with a returned explorer and hearing an account of the new lands. This man, a Portuguese named Hathloday, wanders to the Island of Utopia, or Nowhere, and spends some five years studying the people and their ways. A whole day More and his friends listen to the marvelous tale, and More then proceeds to write out the story, with a few comments. The purpose of More in the book is quite plain. He wants to voice his protest against the social injustice and political wrong in the world of his day. But beyond this he seeks to show the direction of human progress and to devise a system where justice shall be done and a true commonwealth shall exist. The point of the book is in the contrast presented by this ideal commonwealth to the conditions and ways of the nations of his time. More does not always think it necessary to indicate this contrast, leaving this to be done by the reader. This makes the book so effective a vehicle for the keen satire it contains. Perhaps this was the best form in which to voice a protest. As one has suggested, for the King or nobles to complain of the book and pronounce it dangerous would be an admission of the truth.

In Utopia the people have rulers, but these are chosen by the citizens and are true shepherds of men. In Nowhere the citizens do not hesitate to depose their sovereigns when they suspect them of plotting to enslave the people. In England Hathloday finds that this work of slavery was quietly wrought. "There will never be wanting some pretense for deciding in the king's favor," such as the meaning of the law, the necessity of maintaining order, or the fear of foreign complications.

In Utopia the people have laws, but these are few, "for such is their constitution they do not need many." These laws are very clearly drawn, and so can be understood by all. "For they think it an unreasonable thing to oblige men to obey a body of laws that are both of such a bulk and so dark as not to be read and understood by every one of the subjects."

Perhaps the reason for this is found in the fact that "they have no lawyers among them, for they consider them as a sort of people whose profession it is to disguise matters and to wrest the laws." Each man is permitted to plead his own case before a counselor whose duty it is to find the truth in the matter and lay the facts before the judge. In this way delay is avoided and justice is done.

The Utopians have dealings with neighbor nations, but they

never enter into a league with any. "For what is the use of a league? they say. As though there were no natural tie between man and man! and as though any one who despised this natural tie would, forsooth, regard mere words!" Then, too, among other barbarous nations leagues were regarded as scraps of paper.

The Utopians believe that wars are fomented by selfish men for their own advantage; that they are due to ambitions of kings who want to strengthen their dynasties or to the greed of traders who would control trade routes. So they compel the men who are responsible for war to do most of the fighting.

In social matters the Utopians are far in advance of the world. There is no poverty in Utopia, due to their regard for man and their system of social justice. In the first place, they do not place sheep above people, allow the land to be monopolized by a few and the people to be cheated out of opportunity. Hathloday cannot refrain from a comment here; he calls attention to the conditions in England, where whole villages are dispossessed to make way for sheep farms; men are allowed to possess all the property they can win away from others by inclosing the commons, by creating monopolies, by securing special privileges, and by obtaining laws which sanction their methods. "Therefore I must say that, as I hope for mercy, I can have no other notion of all the other governments that I see and know than that they are a conspiracy of the rich, who, on pretense of managing the public, only pursue their private ends and devise all the ways and arts they can find out."

In Utopia there are no idle rich drawing large income from the labor of others; there income received and benefits enjoyed hold a direct relation to work done and service rendered. In Utopia cities are not permitted to grow up by any hit-or-miss method; nor do they permit slums that murder souls and bodies. On the contrary, their cities are well planned, with wide streets and plenty of space reserved for play and recreation. One reason for this is that the land is controlled by the people, and no one is allowed to speculate in land or appropriate the unearned increment.

Two things are noteworthy: The people prize "mind values," and so have a complete and thorough system of education. "Of all pleasures they esteem those to be most valuable that lie in the mind." And in their attitude toward the wrong-doer they are far in advance of the world. They realize that crime has causes, so they find these and deal with them. Find the defects in your social order and remedy these, advises Hathloday. "Surely if you do not remedy these evils your rigorous execution of justice in punishing thieves will be in vain. . . . For verily if you allow your people to be badly educated, their morals corrupted from childhood, and then when they are men punish them for the very crimes to which they have been trained from childhood, what is this, I ask, but first to make thieves and then to punish them?" "There are no taverns nor alehouses among them, nor other occasions of corrupting each other, of getting into corners or forming into parties; all men live in full view so that all are obliged both to perform their ordinary task and to employ themselves in their spare hours."

In religious life the Utopians account it piety to prefer the public good to one's private concerns; but they think it unjust for a man to seek pleasure by snatching another man's pleasures. They define virtue as "living according to nature," for "to this end we have been created by God." They regard religion as intended to add heartiness and joy to life, not to draw men out of life or subtract from its fullness. They permit and even encourage the utmost freedom in worship, and esteem it a great wrong to force conformity in matters of religion. "They lay it down as a maxim that a man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases." "They think that contemplating God in his works and adoring him for them is a very acceptable worship." And they also believe that the best way for a religion to win its way and command the confidence of men is by the generous and unselfish lives of its adherents. The saintly among the Utopians are those who perform the most distasteful work for the common good.

Four hundred years have passed since More confessed his faith in a better world and drew this picture of a new social order. How much do we practice of what More preached?

"HOW THE WAR CAME TO AMERICA"

FOLLOWING the example of the European nations as each has entered the war, the Government of the United States, through its Committee on Public Information, published last week an official explanation of its motives and purposes as a belligerent. For the most part, in the case of other nations the official documents have been the republication, with or without annotations, of communications, correspondence, and the like—what might be called evidence in the case. This differs from the others in that, instead of being a collection of official documents or the promulgation of a Government decree or announcement in the ordinary legal form, it has the characteristics of a well-written magazine article and bears the journalistic title, "How the War Came to America." It is easy to read, it is cleverly arranged and phrased, it puts the case so that the reader who is not very well acquainted with international affairs—and that means ninety-nine readers out of a hundred—will find it understandable and persuasive. It has not, strange to say, been generally printed in full by the newspapers. It is a document that ought to be easily obtainable. It should be available, as every other official document ought to be, by application to any postmaster.

The foundation for the Government's defense of its course since July, 1914, is made in a statement of the three policies which this Nation has regarded as of capital importance, worthy of defense at all costs: First, the Monroe Doctrine, which is described as making the Western Hemisphere safe for democracy, with its corollary that we would not intervene in European quarrels; second, an observance of the just freedom of the seas; and, third, the judicial settlement of international disputes. Thus, while we kept aloof from European politics, we insisted on the rights of our maritime commerce throughout the world and made it clear that we were interested in forestalling wars in the world.

With this preface, the document begins by a confession that when the world war broke out the American Government was taken by surprise. The mind of the President, it is confessed, and the minds of most Americans, it is claimed, "were not prepared to take sides in such a conflict." The number of Americans who saw the significance of the war is, we believe, rather underestimated in this document, and was at the time underestimated by the Administration. It is clear from this official document that the President and his counselors had to await events before they knew what this struggle was about. The passages that describe this mental unpreparedness for a world event which thousands of students of international affairs had foreseen form, perhaps, the most illuminating portion of the whole document.

The document proceeds to rehearse the events that taught the Nation its lesson—the invasion of Belgium, the succession of submarine outrages, the reiterated instances of German perfidy—as well as President Wilson's patience, his repeated communications to Germany, and his willingness to continue in amicable relations with the German Government during all

these months. This is familiar, but what is perhaps not so familiar is the interpretation of the President's peace note last winter. This is that the Government had reason to believe that Germany was about to reinstitute the ruthless submarine attacks on merchant vessels which it had professed to abandon. Realizing that a recurrence of such attacks on a large scale would be likely to draw us into war, the President made an attempt to bring the war to a close before ruthlessness should reign again. He therefore determined to ask the belligerents to state their terms of peace; but before he had completed the preparation of his request the German Government anticipated it by its proposal of negotiations. It was then that the President asked that terms be stated. "The German reply was evasive," says this official American document, while the prompt response of the Entente Powers "was frank and in harmony with our principal purpose." And then comes in the document an explanation of the President's phrase "peace without victory," though the phrase itself we do not see quoted. The German reply, notes this document, had the tone of a conqueror; it "sought a peace based on victory." At this juncture the President read his address to the Senate (in which the phrase "peace without victory" was used) which outlined a peace that (to quote the words of the Committee on Public Information) "was not that of a victorious emperor, . . . not the peace of Caesar. It was in behalf of all the world, and it was a Peace of the People."

Later and familiar events leading to the declaration of war are rehearsed, and what to many readers will seem like a frank confession is made of the final discovery that the German Government was not to be trusted. It is after the opening of 1917 that the Government is represented as recognizing that diplomacy had failed and that "it would have been the hollowest pretense to maintain relations." In the minds of many Americans the maintenance of friendly relations with Germany for two years and a half had already been "the hollowest pretense."

The final delay in the declaration of war is explained by the fact that "the German Ambassador on his departure had begged that no irrevocable decision should be taken until he had had the chance to make one final plea for peace to his sovereign." The success of the German Government in securing delay highly profitable to itself is here shown to have been made possible by the American Government's keeping a vain hope alive week after week while democracy was spending its blood in desperate resistance to German aggression.

"How the War Came to America" certainly acquits America of the least suspicion of craft or astuteness. It is a record of continued willingness to believe the incredible, to trust the perfidious, and to hope for the impossible. Perhaps the continued delay here recorded may ultimately prove to be worth while to America, if not to the world, if it has succeeded in impressing upon the American people the fact that the enemy which they are now fighting is one that can never be trusted, one with whom they can never negotiate.

A NEW LIGHT ON GERMAN PUBLIC OPINION

WE learned, first from the Milan "Corriere della Sera," and then from the "Journal de Genève," two of the best newspapers of Continental Europe, that Prince Alexander zu Hohenlohe has been printing in the "Neue Zeitung," of Zurich, Switzerland, three remarkable articles on the present state of German public opinion. These articles appeared in the latter part of May, and are noteworthy because of the personality of the writer. The Hohenlohe family is one of the oldest and most aristocratic in Germany. It is Bavarian, and its members have held positions of power and importance in the military and civil government of the German states for several centuries. When a Hohenlohe speaks, therefore, he speaks with knowledge and authority.

Prince Chlodwig zu Hohenlohe was an important statesman of the nineteenth century. He succeeded Caprivi as Imperial

German Chancellor, and was succeeded by Prince von Bülow in 1900, who was, in turn, succeeded in 1909 by the present Chancellor, von Bethmann Hollweg. Thus only the short period of seventeen years has elapsed since a Hohenlohe filled a place of importance in the German Government second only to that of Kaiser Wilhelm II himself.

The author of the articles in the Zurich "Neue Zeitung" is a son of the late Chancellor, and, while he has inherited the somewhat liberal tendencies of his father and is out of favor with the Kaiser because he published in 1906 the frank and critical reminiscences of his father (who did not like the Prussian method of "propagating enlightenment with a big stick"), he is, of course, far from being a destructive radical. His comments on present political and social conditions in Germany are highly significant—perhaps more significant than the outspoken

opinions of the free-lance Maximilian Harden or the radical Socialistic journal "Vorwärts."

While the latter two are often quoted in American newspapers, we have seen no comment in the American daily press on Prince Alexander zu Hohenlohe's articles, and therefore describe and translate from the original articles in the "Neue Zürche Zeitung," which we have now received.

Prince zu Hohenlohe begins by accusing Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg of dangerous insincerity. Did he not promise at the outbreak of the war, in a speech in the Reichstag, to restore the independence of Belgium and to indemnify her for her terrible losses? And yet to-day he appears to align himself with the Pan-Germanists, the militarists, and the Junkers, who are demanding annexation of foreign territories and indemnities for themselves. This the Prince calls "a bitter deception," a phrase which he uses as the title of his three articles. He declares that the Chancellor does not answer the questions which the masses of the German people are beginning to ask in their anguish: "Where is the Government leading us? What does it want of us now that the menace of an invasion by Russian despotism has disappeared? Is it really for the defense of our homes and our right to existence that we must still bear the sufferings we are enduring? Or does the Government exact these terrific sacrifices from us in order to satisfy the insatiable ambitions of the aristocracy and to save the already compromised prestige of the ruling dynasty? If Germany is to retain what she has acquired in the war by force of arms, she will be obliged not only to maintain, but constantly to increase her armaments and to add without end to her debt, which is already overwhelming. It is not only the insane Pan-Germanists, says Prince zu Hohenlohe, who talk of future wars. The Prussian Minister of War, General von Stein, in a recent speech denounced permanent peace as utopian, and declared that wars will inevitably be repeated as long as man exists. On the other hand, the French Minister of War, M. Painlevé, declared in a recent speech that the present war must be fought to a finish, so that it may be the last war, and humanity may devote itself to the work of progress and civilization. "I should like," adds Prince zu Hohenlohe, "to see, at least

once, similar sentiments in a public speech of a German Minister of War."

In concluding his articles, Prince zu Hohenlohe expresses himself as follows:

There is no doubt that the majority of the German people are in favor of a monarchical form of government. The different states of Germany are still more or less loyal to their state sovereigns according to the personality of those sovereigns. But it can no longer be affirmed after these three years of war that their confidence in the supreme chief of the Empire is wholly intact. We should stop hiding our heads in the sand out of fear of recognizing the truth! Evading the truth can do no good. Confidence in those who are directing the affairs of the Empire is beginning to crumble among the German people. The people do not know just what position the Kaiser takes with regard to the activities of those who pretend to call themselves patriots. The people are beginning little by little to ask themselves how it is that the whole world is in arms against them and who is responsible for this situation. . . .

The German people as a whole have no desire to annex foreign territory. The only ones who are interested in territorial conquest are the small group of industrial capitalists and the hot-headed Pan-Germanists, who get no sympathy from the masses of the people, but only from the university professors, the office-holders, and the well-to-do middle classes. Herr Scheidemann [a well-known Socialist] was recently called to order when he spoke the word "revolution" in a speech in the Reichstag. And yet he did nothing but repeat a word which is heard daily among the masses of the people. It is true that he rightly added, "We have not yet reached the point of revolution." But it would be childish to deceive ourselves into thinking that we may not reach it if the men who hold in their hands the destiny of the German Empire are not big enough to assume the responsibility of their mistakes and wise enough to recognize and take account of the necessities of the present time. Otherwise the moment will surely come when they will perceive with terror that it is too late and that the German people have finally lost patience.

As the "Journal de Genève" says, these are grave words. They constitute one of many increasing indications that the German people are beginning to recognize that they are fighting, not a war of defense for their homes, but a war of conquest for an ambitious autocracy.

PRACTICAL CHIVALRY

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

ANY one who has traveled through the South finds himself watching with interest and hopefulness the many efforts which the South itself is making to develop a public school system for Negroes, and viewing with concern the waste of money employed in the support of isolated and semi-philanthropic schools which are attempting to rival rather than to supplement the facilities for public education. Of course to recognize the increasing interest in the Negro public schools of the South is not to say that the South has not a long distance to go before it can rest in satisfaction upon its oars, and in this the South is by no means a lonesome section of the country. It is still true that in many parts of the South the question of Negro education has to be handled as carefully as dynamite. It is difficult to see how the situation could be otherwise. The agencies, however, which are doing the best work in removing the danger inherent in this explosive subject are Southern in personnel and inherited feeling. I do not believe that there are many men or women in the Northern States who have sacrificed as much for their ideals of justice and fair dealing as have the men and women in the Southern States who are laboring to carry their share of the great burden of bringing to a backward race opportunities for education and social well-being.

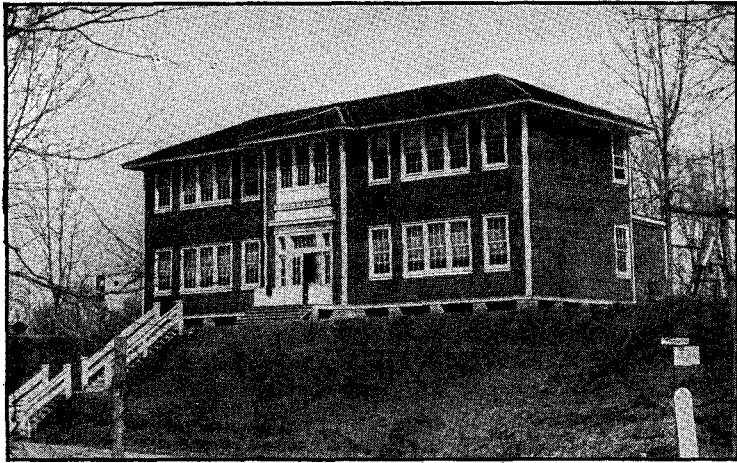
"Southern chivalry" has long been a familiar phrase in our speech. To most minds it probably brings up, first of all, the picture of a land dotted with white pillared houses and ruled exclusively by men who would have made acceptable understudies for Robert E. Lee. It is not necessary to discuss here whether or not such a picture belongs in the realm of fact or fiction. It is possible to recognize, however, that the phrase "Southern chivalry" has to-day a deeper and more worth while

meaning than it ever had in the pages of any novel. If the men and women who are working to clear away the inevitable aftermath of an unfortunate social system for which they are in no way to blame do not deserve to be called "chivalrous," I do not know upon whom such a title should be conferred.

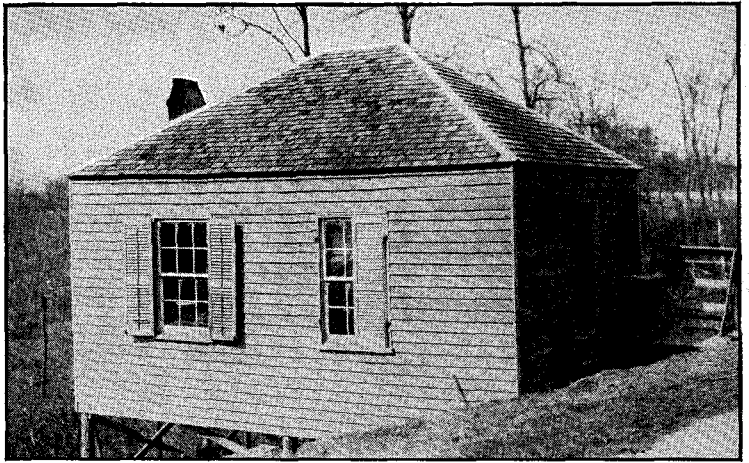
All this is, of course, chiefly a matter of general impression, an impression gathered on a not too hasty trip which touched the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, and Virginia. It is an impression, however, which can be justified by many more instances than can be given in any such brief article as this. One such instance, however, can be recorded here at some length.

Just where the Mississippi flows out of the great far-lying delta country and past the bluffs upon which the city of Vicksburg is situated lies Warren County, Mississippi. Surrounding the historic county seat, which held out so long against the siege of the Union forces, is a typical agricultural region of the South, combining in its area both bottom lands and rolling hills.

County school systems throughout the South depend for their success largely upon the efforts and personality of their county superintendents of education. To the credit of Warren County the superintendent of this particular region is a young Catholic, Mr. John H. Culkin, an energetic idealist who has been one of the leaders in working for the consolidation of school districts and the teaching of agriculture in the white public schools of the State of Mississippi. What Mr. Culkin has done for the white schools of his county deserves a chapter by itself, but it is not my purpose to record it here. A single example of



THE J. H. CULKIN ACADEMY. A CONSOLIDATED WHITE SCHOOL, SITUATED NEAR THE HISTORIC BATTLEFIELD OF VICKSBURG



ONE OF TEN ONE-ROOM BUILDINGS ABANDONED TO MAKE WAY FOR A CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL. IT IS NOW USED AS THE HOME FOR THE JANITOR OF THE J. H. CULKIN ACADEMY

his work in this direction is shown, however, in the illustrations which accompany this article. The John H. Culkin Academy represents the elimination of ten one-room schools, that one-room school which a speaker at the Southern Educational Conference recently defined as "a necessary temporary tolerated evil." It is, however, Mr. Culkin's work with the Negro schools of his county with which I am here concerned.

It was in 1912 that Mr. Culkin first became county superintendent of education, and, like a good business man, the first thing which he did was to make a survey of the problem confronting him. A survey of the Negro school problem which he was called upon to solve, in his estimation, necessarily went beyond the equipment of buildings or the character of the teachers employed. The school problem is a social problem, and to solve it adequately it is necessary to study the lives and the habits of the families whose children are to be educated.

In this survey it was found that of the colored families in the rural districts less than twelve per cent had a home garden, less than twenty-five per cent of the families whose children were attending schools had either chickens, hogs, gardens, or cows. The situation did not appeal to Mr. Culkin as a safe and sound basis for development of a sane rural life. Nor did the fact that in the great majority of these homes no attention was paid to the care of the house or to the cleanliness of its inhabitants strike him as a particularly praiseworthy condition of affairs.

The first step which Mr. Culkin took was to close all the colored schools of his county and to give the teachers under his charge a two weeks' course in cooking, sewing, housekeeping, and gardening. Secondly, he ordered each one of his teachers to establish a school garden and to keep a certain number of growing products at all times of the year. The care and the use of these products he explained to his teachers by means of circulars. Further than this, he required each child over the age of eight years to keep a home garden having the same number and kind of plants as were grown for his or her observation in the demonstration gardens connected with the public schools. When a student's home garden fell below the required standard, he or she was automatically suspended from the school's roll.

At first this somewhat arbitrary ruling was resented, but its advantages were so evident that before long it was accepted as a matter of course. I am not particularly familiar with the school laws of the State of Mississippi, and so I cannot say what was the exact legal justification for this procedure. Nevertheless it worked, and a rule which works is nine points of common sense even if not of the law.

Mr. Culkin soon discovered that the teachers in his Negro schools did not, in a great many instances, have an overwhelming idea of the necessity of promptness in their attendance upon their duties. A series of visits, however, at all points of his county soon remedied this defect. A Negro farmer told me that Mr. Culkin was the first county superintendent to visit the school in his district in twenty-five years. When the county superintendent arrived at a school after the opening hour or just before the closing hour and found that the school had not yet assembled or had been dismissed, he inscribed on the blackboard a brief notice to the effect that "this school is closed for

one month." As the closing of the school meant both the suspension of the teacher's salary and the protests of the school patrons, his office at Vicksburg soon became a popular rendezvous for the dissatisfied. When patrons of the school protested against the shutting off of their educational facilities, Mr. Culkin said: "Why should you be worried about the closing of your school? You have had no school. You have had a building and we have paid your teacher a salary. Except for these formalities your school has not existed." It was not long before the teachers saw the point of his remarks and the patrons of the schools took it upon themselves to see that they had schools in fact as well as in name.

Mr. Culkin, with these elementary problems partially solved, turned to the organization of a real social life among the colored people of his county.

He formed improvement clubs of many kinds, which included in their membership both young and old, men and women. In each of these clubs a president was selected and the teacher of the local school appointed as secretary. Monthly meetings were held, and every phase of community life, from the repair of the yard fence to the necessity of a cow and the profit in a home garden and the raising of chickens, were made a part of the programme. These clubs ranged in function from a button and patch club, the purpose of which consisted in the keeping of buttons on clothes and the preventing of rents in garments, to clubs of men who worked their entire crops according to the Government bulletins. As a result of this activity, the colored people of Warren County are giving more time and attention to their homes, dress, social relations, and the general improvement of their lives than they have ever done before. On a test record it was proved that the activities of Mr. Culkin and his school-teachers resulted in eighty families increasing their total earning capacity more than twenty-five thousand dollars in one year. This last April in Warren County there was held an exhibit of the work of colored people, attended by more than eight thousand Negroes, in which more than twenty thousand useful articles were displayed.

If you will go to Vicksburg, you will find that the citizens of that interesting city are more and more coming to recognize the value of such work as Mr. Culkin has been doing. His labors have resulted in the education of white sentiment as well as in the improvement of the social well-being of the colored race. At this time when so many counties throughout the South are complaining of the exodus of Negro labor, it is interesting to note that in Warren County the rural colored population has increased rather than decreased. It is a fact which should be noticed and studied in any parts of the country which are still backward in their attitude towards the improvement of the social conditions of the Negro.

It is Mr. Culkin's belief that the solution of the race problem can only be found in a proper system of training and by opening to the Negro full opportunity to increase his earning capacity, and that only by helping him to attain self-respect will he learn to give proper consideration and respect to the rights of others, and he has been putting his belief in practical effect.

HAROLD T. PULSIFER.

THE GERMAN MYTH IN SPAIN

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

In the military circles of Sweden and Spain the German myth persists with peculiar power. The army influence in both countries is such that this myth has had much to do with determining the policy of the two Governments—a policy, however, liable to change, as was shown by the recent Cabinet transformation in Sweden and by that quite recently in Spain. The problem seems thus to involve a conflict between the pro-German military element and the anti-German popular element. The ultimate victory in both countries, it is believed, will be a victory for democracy.—THE EDITORS.

“THE war, you see,” explained the diminutive curé with the expansive gesture, “is the will of God against iniquitous France. The most righteous Emperor of Germany is his instrument in this bitter task.” At my rather quizzical smile he added, reprovingly, “And a most loyal son of the Church.” I ventured to remonstrate that the Kaiser is commonly believed to be Protestant. But the curé passed the palm of his hand along the paling before him, as though smoothing out the wrinkles of earth, and corrected me by explaining that his Majesty was “obliged to fulfill the outward formalities imposed by the state, but that in private he performed the rites of the Church.” Could William II have been confused with James II in the mind of this simple man? As he spoke my eye wandered along the jagged, yellow teeth of the Saracenic battlements surrounding the city of Toledo, only a few steps away from where we stood on the steps of the little church. In world thought, it seemed to me, we were at least a century distant.

Several conversations of this sort awakened my curiosity to become better acquainted with this new Spanish saint. In the course of a few weeks I found him reappearing—now in the words of a prelate, now in the eloquence of a statesman, and often enough in the columns of certain newspapers. This myth in the mind of the naïve parish curé I found to be the simple interpretation of a sentiment propagated by the highest clerical circles of Spain. Could two peoples, the Spanish and the German, be more diametrically opposite in temperament, mode of life, and in political ideals? But the Spanish Germanophile exists and is a person of considerable activity and influence.

This outlying Toledo parish I have mentioned gave me a typical cross-section of village thought in Spain. It resembled that of a neighboring commune where when the church contributions fell in arrears the curé announced that without a more generous response by noon of the following day darkness would fall upon the earth. Payment was not forthcoming, and the eclipse (as indicated in the curé’s almanac) darkened the earth. His flock are still marveling at the power of their *padre*. We chatted with the villagers in the low-raftered, oil-permeated little inn. They took us at first for Germans, “there are so many about.” Most believed that Germany would win because she had a large army and was fighting against evil, unbelieving France. But the village baker, also mayor, and a man of more independent spirit, disagreed in favor of the Allies. He was convinced that France and England would win, he said, “because the *padre* had said they wouldn’t.” “Then, you see,” he continued, “our Queen is English.” A little murmur of approval about us suggested that the baker had made a point.

Hand in hand for Germany with the clergy go the Carlists—to-day, after the name of their present pretender, Jaimists. They are a diminishing but active group of ultra-Conservatives who dream of re-establishing the palmy days of absolutism, divine rights, and the Inquisition. Aside from the progressive reigning Alfonso XIII, the principal obstacle in their path is that their own Don Jaime shows little desire to become the instrument of such reaction. He has lived long in Paris and London, was an officer in the Russian army, and has no intention of ever returning to Spain, to use his own expression, “unless it be to save the state from anarchy.” Since the war he has been a virtual prisoner in Austria, given freedom of his movements only on the advent of his friend, the present Emperor. But in Spain his followers continue to count time only by the intervals between one Carlist revolution and the next. Vasquez de Mella, most eloquent of Spanish orators, is the soul and voice of the party, as well as the leading defender of the German cause. His knowledge of foreign affairs suggests the frequentation of dark and stately mansions of Madrid, where small, select circles gather and contemplate the diminished splendors of the

former empire. As they brood over the ruins left by Napoleon on his march through Spain they murmur that Germany “*no nos a hecho nunca dano*” (has never harmed us). They dream of a new world empire, the great obstacle of which is England. Perfidious Albion, indeed, is the subject of their *leitmotif*. To quote Mella: “Who is it checks our legitimate aspirations to Gibraltar? England. Who prevents the absorption of Portugal in a Greater Spain? England. And who finally destroyed our relations with the Spanish Americas? England.” Automatically these Carlists, though there are some exceptions, become Germanophiles just as they needs have become Turco-philos, or would become Chinophiles were China engaged in the task of crushing their arch-enemy. More than that, Germany (and here the myth appears again) would help Spain regain her old position as a world Power. Indeed, the Kaiser and Don Jaime would rule the world. “There is a pan-Germanism, a pan-Slavism, and we are the prophets of the new pan-Iberianism.”

The modern Don Quixote reads in the military comment of his favorite reactionary paper that “the French cavalry effects a raid on Russian Poland” or that “the Russian army, by a victory in the lower Caucasus, threatens to open the direct route between Petrograd and Berlin.” (These are actual quotations from Spanish papers.) In noble indignation Quixote dons his armor, now a trifle rusty, and goes out into the world to defend the honor of the fair Dulcinea—now Fräulein. She passed him once without a glance, but Don Quixote carried away in his heart the sparks of smoldering adoration, which now, in this moment of her need, have burst into flaming passion. He sees the Kaiser in shining armor with sword in hand. Marin, one of the Quixotes, in private life Director of the National Library, exclaimed: “I am a Germanophile as a Spaniard and as an admirer of all that is noble and grand. Germany has always honored our literature. And to-day how can I but be enthusiastic for Germany, who almost alone faces hordes from half the nations of the earth? Hers is the *sublime spectacle* of a nation winning victory—worthy achievement of her mighty Kaiser and of the heroic valor of her army.” This is Cervantes at his best. I emphasize the expression “sublime spectacle” as a key to the attitude of many Spanish toward the war. My esteemed friend Gomez Carillo, editor of “El Liberal,” exclaimed when I imagined I had found a clue to Spanish public opinion: “My dear fellow, in this war most of us are like the spectators at a bull-fight. We wave our arms, shout, come away, and write about it; but at bottom we are simply trifling with something which does not touch us.”

The army is ardently Germanophile. Most of the military critics who influence public opinion through the press are officers in active service. Many of them contrive to make a German victory out of every bulletin. Some have passed a term of study in Germany. All have been fed with German theory. They wear the pointed helmet, the *Feldgrau*, and their lancers are so faithfully uniformed that they might have stepped out of the Prussian Guard. This active group is a considerable reinforcement to the clerical and Carlist elements.

Pio Baroja is a vigorous, erratic radical of a different school. He too is an ardent admirer of German methods. He followed enthusiastically the German advance in Flanders. “May they come to Spain,” was his prayer, “and do to the clergy here what they did to the Belgian clergy—hang some and silence the others! The country also can profit by the novelty of a little good government.”

Another Quixote, Francisco de Carracido, Director of the Cisneros Institute of Madrid, declared: “I am a Germanophile because I see in Germany a regenerating force for our country. Germany has given all humanity the highest example of good government.” He makes this extraordinary conclusion: “Ger-

many is the nation least foreign to us. From earliest times we have been in sympathy with her. Our great Charles V was at the same time Emperor of Germany."

The apex of adulation is reached by Vincent Gay, a professor at the University of Valladolid. He has written tomes on tomes about German thought, institutions, and aspirations. He was a guest of the Government on a visit to that country, and unkind rumor even has it that the German Embassy in Madrid purchased the first two thousand of his books. At the time of the disorder created by the exhibition of the Raemaekers cartoons held recently in Madrid, Gay was one of the most violent opponents. A paper of the organizers came out the following morning with a long and purely fictitious notice of the death of Vincent Gay in a duel with a Francophile. The story described the combatants lunging at each other "with such ferocity that two blades were broken." But one thrust reached home and the unhappy Gay fell to the ground. I quote a sample of Gay's grandiose Spanish.

"A great bond, cultural and material, has been established since the war between Spain and Germany. Spain will become the path of transit for the new lines of world commerce—Euro-American and Germano-Oriental. We must prepare to receive the favors which Germany will bestow upon us for not having been among her enemies. The triumph of Germany is indubitable."

Don Quixote has his part, too, in Spanish war literature. A book of the first year of the war, entitled "The Secret of Lord Kitchener," is by an author who explains that an inspiration came to him and he completed the writing of the book in twenty days. After Great Britain receives a crushing defeat the Germans disembark on the island, while George V flees to Morocco and puts himself under the protection of Muley Yussuf. Another, "Spain as a Great Power," is even more pretentious.

Spain enters the war on the side of Germany, and marches fifty thousand men across the Pyrenees. Here the French territorials are easily scattered and the Spanish army continues its victorious march northward. While the Republican Government flees to Brest, German and Spanish troops meet and fraternize at Poitiers. In the subsequent peace signed at Washington Spain secures most of French Africa, but at home magnanimously declines to annex Rousillon (the little corner of France where Catalan is spoken), "in order not to sow seeds of future discord."

The German myth has flourished in Spain as in no other neutral country. But France is the only country with which even the privileged few have even a speaking acquaintance. Germany, far off, unknown, is to the Spanish the land of wonderful organizations, armies, and pomp. To show how limited is this knowledge, in 1913 in the National Library of Madrid there were only something over a hundred readers of German, as compared with thirteen hundred French. It is the fashionable thing to compare erratic Spanish public administration with German efficiency. There is no need for great precision in the contrast, because the chances are that there will be no one to contradict you. Benevente, a brilliant but rather superficial writer, whose style is a direct inheritance from Molière and Marivaux, none the less has come out loudly for the German cause as against France. Speaking of the Germans, he declares: "If such grandeur of a people achieving national unity is called barbarism, let us imitate these barbarians." That he knows neither Germany nor its language in no degree dampens his enthusiasm for the German myth. But such outbursts are harmless enough because the whole war struggle seems to the Spanish people across the Pyrenees little more than a distant spectacle in no way preferable to their present tranquillity.

Madrid, Spain.

SANFORD GRIFFITH.

THE SOUL OF A MUNITIONS PLANT

BY WILLIAM E. BROOKS

It is not merely a munitions plant whose soul is here discovered; it is, like the Krupp works at Essen, Germany, the iron works of Schneider & Co. at Le Creusot, France, and the Vickers plants of England, one of the greatest steel works in the world. The author is a neighbor of this great corporation, and a clergyman.—THE EDITORS.

IN a narrow mountain valley of central Pennsylvania beside a broken dam stand the ruins of an old forge. The motorist shoots by them without a glance on his way to a well-known rod and gun club up the creek. Yet that forge made history. There was made the famous Sligo iron with which they covered the monitors in Civil War days. There also was made economic history, for in the relation there established between master and man is to be found a solution of most of the labor troubles of the country. It was, in brief, a human relation. One cared for the other, one thought of the other. The thought took a most practical way of manifesting itself. The big house stood at the foot of the mountain not far from the forge. There was not a case of sickness in the homes around but was visited by its gentle mistress. One of the sons, who was afterward to head the firm, took a medical course in Philadelphia that he might give "first aid" intelligently to his own men. An old leather-bound time-book of the forge stands before me. Every item of human interest in the community is recorded in it—accidents, injuries, births, deaths, an occasional fight or frolic, a religious revival, or a militia review. Not a charcoal-burner out on the mountains, not a teamster hauling the heavy blooms, not one of the many workmen about the forge, who did not have a share in the thoughts of the forge-master. His daughters taught the Sunday-school, of which he was the head; out of his liberal purse came the salary of the pastor, who gave one-third of his time to this portion of his widely scattered parish; and the same purse paid for the little white church that stands still half hidden and quiet among the trees—like the big house, living on its memories.

Long ago the forge ceased to hammer out its blooms. Long ago the charcoal pits ceased to smolder on the hills. The dam is broken, the houses where the workers lived have been pulled down or have fallen. A white-haired old lady, the last daughter

of the family, still lives in the big house where lived her fathers, and ministers as they did to the wide country-side. The house is all that is left. For Bessemer steel drove charcoal iron out of the market, and in its passing more things changed than a metallurgist will describe. The new steel companies led the van in that surprising development of great corporations which was one of the economic phenomena of the last generation. And among the changes wrought no change was so startling and so dangerous as that in the relation between master and man. So different was it from that which obtained at the mountain forge that the man at the head and the man at the work had nothing in common but hate. The great corporations seemed like mighty machines, cruel and relentless, demanding the most of labor for the least return, and caring nothing about the conditions of that labor—maiming, burning, killing men with their cruelly careless fashion of doing the work. The only weapons that were effective against them were the strike and the riot, and one of the things that resulted was the charge, freely repeated, that a corporation had no soul.

But late years have seen a great change. Many things have forced the steel kings to see that they were wrong and that the old forge-master was right. Their disregard of the lives of their workers was economically unsound, and was costing them dollars. Entirely apart from the fact of compensatory legislation, they discovered for themselves the thing he knew, that a contented man, well-housed, well-fed, sober, and healthy, is an infinitely greater producer than his opposite. In consequence they instituted welfare departments, and they tell you frankly that they did this, not as charity, but as good business. But whatever is good business is in the end *good* business, and because it is at last doing *good* business the modern corporation is in a fair way to find its soul.

Over in another valley of Pennsylvania is a modern forge.

It stretches for miles up and down the Lehigh River. It employs thirty thousand men. The exigencies of war have made it grow like Jonah's wondrous gourd, but it is not likely to wither, as did that strange vine. In the work of caring for its men it is in some things merely a follower of others, in other things it is a pioneer. But, whether as follower or pioneer, its story is worth telling as a chapter in the progress of human relationships. Whether the idea which has developed into the present Department of Safety and Welfare of the Bethlehem Steel Company had its origin in the imperial mind of Charles M. Schwab, I do not know. Most things in Bethlehem soon or late are traced to Mr. Schwab. But the development of the idea to its present form is due to a remarkable trio who stand at its head—a trio made up of an engineer, an ex-school-teacher, and a doctor.

The engineer is a Stevens man. He came to the shop from the school. He had quick eyes and quick wits, and when the men higher up were looking for a head for the new Safety Department they hit on him. Also he knew how to laugh and try again. He is another proof that Charles M. Schwab knows how to pick the right man for a given place. Now the engineer is recognized as a safety expert. He is, in fact, the Chairman of the Iron and Steel Section of the National Safety Council and a member of the Council's Executive Committee. He has become an expert by having no peculiar theories, but a wide-open and receptive mind and a vast enthusiasm. He is constantly making voyages of discovery, seeking, not new islands, but new ways of saving and preserving life; also voyages of advice, helping other shops to do what has been done in Bethlehem.

His lieutenant is a former public school man. He has the blue eyes that come as his Irish birthright—eyes that look clear through you, and that always, as you quickly realize, do not stop with you, but look beyond you to the land of his dreams, a land filled with contented men living and toiling in greater safety than now seems possible. He is not an office man. He goes prowling around the plant all day long, looking for danger-spots. He gets himself into a pack of trouble, but frankly enjoys that—as is also his Irish birthright. In any great organization like the Bethlehem Steel Company there are bound to be men swathed in the grave-clothes of the past. These old-timers do not look with kindly eyes on new-fangled ideas that interfere with their inherent American right to have a hand cut off through folly. He has his hands full dealing with them. In one shop they were using a certain antiquated device. He ordered a change in the interests of safety. All complied except an old foreman who had “used that thing for seventeen years and who knew more about it than any fool safety man.” The next day the thing snapped, and the foreman woke up in the hospital with a broken leg. The new foreman is willing to listen to suggestions, but among thirty thousand men there are others who only learn through experience.

The doctor looks like the type of physician you will find around Rittenhouse Square, in Philadelphia, well-groomed and well-fed, and ministering to the same sort. But he is really of the type you find in the American Ambulance in France. He is not afraid of sacrifice. And when you have thirty thousand men, and sometimes their families, among your patients, you at least have to sacrifice leisure. Every slight accident, even an abrasion of the skin or a splinter, has to be reported to him at once. He binds up the wounds, pouring in oil and wine (or their modern equivalents), lectures them on the follies that lead to accident, visits them in their homes when they cannot be brought to the dispensary, and directs the drills of the first-aid teams. Also—and there is a point to this also—he is becoming known throughout the plant as a counselor for the victim of social diseases, and is patiently working, not only to restore the victim, but to eradicate the causes and to help solve this most difficult and dangerous problem of our modern life.

Under the direction of this trio the department is rapidly developing along various lines. Remember, it is only three years old; but in the three years they have wrought miracles. The first phase of their work is the prevention of accident. Every accident is analyzed in order, if possible, to remove its cause and prevent its repetition. They are constantly watching and studying the machinery as they go through the plant, and adding safety devices or perfecting safer methods. In addition

there are about five hundred active Safety Committee men scattered through the plant. One of these men in each shop or department is a permanent member, the others serve for a year, and then pass on to the general Safety Committee. These committees are drilled weekly in first aid, on the company's time. At the end of the year a “First Aid Meet” is held, when the teams compete for prizes. A trip for the whole team to the World's Baseball Series, at the expense of the company, was the first prize last year, in addition to the holding of the “Safety-First Cup.” They are also trained to be “big brothers” to other men, particularly green men. A Safety Committee man sees a new man chipping steel without goggles, and he immediately warns him of the danger. One result of this is that only one eye is destroyed by accident, where ten were three years ago. Or he watches for faults in the machinery in order that danger-spots may be removed. The projecting head of a set-screw on a shaft may catch a sleeve and drag a man into the machine. The Safety Committee recommended the change to a counter-sunk screw, and immediately an executive order directed the change throughout the plant. The fact that the men serve only one year means that a constant stream of trained men is passing into the plant. This means a constant addition of recruits to the army of vigilance that is watching all the time over lives, their own and their neighbors', and that will in time eliminate much present danger. The permanent Safety Committee men meet once a week to discuss accidents, to report danger-spots, and to plan further prevention. Their recommendations go with the men higher up.

But it is not possible, in spite of all this, to prevent all accidents. To care for these there are branch dispensaries scattered through the plant, and a magnificent new main dispensary costing more than \$50,000 has recently been erected just inside the main gate. It is a small hospital in itself, equipped to care for every possible need, with the latest instruments that science affords. Every case, even that of the slightest of scratches, must be reported at once to one of these dispensaries, on penalty of discharge. No excuses are tolerated. The doctor alone is permitted to judge whether a case is serious or not. It is the one Prussian touch in the whole system, but the reason for it is easily seen.

When the man is ready to work again, the Safety Department takes hold of him and fits the crippled man to a new job. It would seem to an outsider as though the logical result of this would be that some day the company will unite in some fashion the employment bureau to this department, so that men may be fitted to jobs in the beginning according to their physical and mental qualifications, and that a man weighing one hundred and twenty pounds is not yoked up with a two-hundred-pounder. The policy of prevention should go all the way.

But the problem of caring adequately for thirty thousand men of all sorts and kinds involves more than safety committees and dispensaries. The foreigner especially is a danger-breeder to himself and other men, and he is so because he is ignorant of the language in which the Safety Committee man or, for that matter, the foreman speaks. He must be taught English before he can be a good workman or a safe workman. So the department opened a night school in a public school building near the plant. They paid for the heat, light, janitor's service, and arranged for Lehigh students to serve as teachers, paying them for their time. But the foreigners would not come, especially the Greeks, who need it most. Then the school man got busy. He saw the priests and pastors of the foreign churches, urged the wisdom of the plan with all his Irish eloquence, and so enlisted their co-operation that the school now has an enrollment of thirteen hundred men and boys, who are slowly struggling through the devious labyrinths of our mother tongue. But the latest and most promising educational effort is scheduled for next winter, when the completion of the new high school building will make it possible. Then the company will open a trade school for its boys under the direction of an expert. They will go to school for half of their time, and the other half they will work in the shops, and the company will pay for all, thus enabling the boy to become a high-grade mechanic while helping to support the home, and assuring a permanent supply of future foremen and superintendents.

Even this, wonderful as it seems to those who know something of conditions in the steel industry a decade or two ago, is

not all of the story. The Safety Department followed its sick and injured men into their homes, and quickly discovered that the housing conditions were not what they ought to be. The plant had grown faster than the town, and there was crowding—a general condition good neither for health nor morals. Every one who knows anything about the housing question knows that it is a most difficult problem to solve. How shall the foreigner be prevented from living unsanitarily? How shall he be kept from exploiting his own kind in an ill-kept boarding-house? America wants no paternalism, no high-handed direction and restriction, even for such good things as these. What is needed is a sympathetic guiding and helping of these new Americans that shall at once prevent plague spots and yet preserve American individualism. And these are the ideals guiding the department and the company. They are already helping the men to buy their own homes. The Bethlehem Security Company has been organized to finance the matter of mortgages. It stands ready to assist any workman to buy a home and pay for it out

of his earnings. There is plenty of cheap land not far from Bethlehem, and it may be that one solution of the problem will be the erection of communities of small, cheap houses where Greek may live with Greek and Magyar with Magyar, with a community house at the center of each to help these people, not to be dependent, but independent, as Americans should be, and clean.

And this department is only three years old. Its work means a healthier, happier set of workmen. It means the passing of the old inhuman corporation. There is no iron hand proffering help, no crushing, no compelling. The only Prussian touch is the one noted in the compelling of the accident victims to take no chances. The system is not a Prussian thing at all; it is a human thing. The spirit behind it, at least behind the men doing the work, is not paternalistic, but fraternal. And somehow as the thing shapes itself one cannot help realizing that a wonderful work is being systematically developed. It is the soul building of a great corporation.

A MAN'S PRAYER

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

If worse than body's death or body's maiming
Should be my portion, there in ravaged France,
God keep me from the coward's way of blaming
"The power of untoward circumstance."

Does just the lack of losing make the winner?
Does just the lack of smirching make the clean?
Temptation never made a man a sinner—
It shows the world what only God had seen.

If I must fall, may I go bravely under,
Not shirking my own weakness, my own shame.
Evils enough are bred of battle's thunder,
But wrongs it never fathered bear its name.

God give me strength to keep my colors flying
Against whatever comes to lay them low—
But if I fail, God shut my lips from lying!
An outcast I may be—a dastard, no.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW

BY REYNELLE G. E. AND EVELYN N. CORNISH

BURTON went up the court-house stairs, two steps at a time. He brushed aside two or three waiting applicants and went directly into his private office, closing the door carefully behind him.

"Now," he said, quietly, "let's have it, Jimmy."

Jimmy was stuttering and incoherent with excitement. "They've got him!" he cried. "Red hot, I tell you, with the goods on him! Nabbed him right in the act! Say, it'll just be a walk-away—"

The district attorney took his effervescing assistant by both shoulders and gave him a shake. "Look here, Jimmy," he said, helplessly, "if you don't stop bubbling over and give me some facts, I shall be forced to put that tow head of yours under the water faucet."

Jimmy tried to calm down. "It's a bomb," he explained, comprehensively. "At the Charleton Hotel! An infernal machine—set with a timepiece to go off when the ship was at sea! And they caught the old fellow with the thing all addressed and ready to post! A chambermaid reported it to the management, and the cops and the deputy sheriff nabbed him in the act—"

"I see," interrupted Burton, "Where is he—in jail? Get me the sheriff's office on the wire, please. And tell Mr. Hastings to step in here for a minute if he is free."

"Mr. Hastings has gone," announced Jimmy. "Can't—can't I help?"

Burton laughed at his eager face. "All right, you stay on the

job until I get back," he directed. "I'm going to look over the ground at the Charleton."

The extras with the "Great Bomb Sensation" were already being shouted, and the streets around the Charleton were rapidly becoming congested, but the district attorney made his way through the excited crowds and succeeded in reaching the manager. Under the guidance of that very much disturbed individual, he went quickly over the premises, gathering up the threads of evidence with skillful, accustomed fingers. From there he swung around to the police court to look over the exhibits, and stopped for a moment for a glance at the prisoner.

The fellow turned out to be a stolid-looking foreigner, with a face that might have been kindly if its lines had not been so stiffly set in a wooden immobility. He gazed blankly ahead when the district attorney attempted to interrogate him and shook a slow head to all questions.

He seemed so ignorant and helpless as he sat there, his confession or denial of guilt was such an immaterial factor in the face of the complete chain of evidence against him—he was so like an ostrich hiding his head in the sand—that Burton felt a little sorry for him.

"Did you get it, all clear?" greeted Jimmy, jumping up from the spread-eagle position from which he had been trying to read all the extras at once.

"I'm afraid so," said Burton, seriously. "They got him just as he was writing the last words of the address on the infernal machine. The detective bureau says that it was timed to go off

in six and a half days, which would make it explode when the ship was in mid-ocean; and the fellow admits that he knew the contents and nature of the package. So there you are! But what do you think his business is, Jimmy? Mending toys! He has a little shop just off Third Street somewhere, with a row of dolls in the window."

"Gee!" said Jimmy, comprehensively. "Ain't war the limit!"

The grand jury was prompt in returning an indictment, on the evidence laid before them by the district attorney, and the case of State vs. Hans Schwartzmiller proceeded swiftly on its way.

The prisoner, blinking stolidly in his cell, seemed quite indifferent to his fate. When he was arraigned before the Court to hear the indictment and to enter his plea, he appeared without an attorney to represent him.

"Haven't you a lawyer to look after your interests?" demanded the Court, in surprise.

"*Nein*," said the old man, indifferently.

"Haven't you any money to engage one?"

The prisoner shook his head.

"Well," said the Court, decisively, "I am quite sure that you are going to need one." He glanced around the court-room, with its usual sprinkling of unoccupied lawyers, and picked out the most intelligent face he could discern.

"Mr. Warren, will you act as counsel for the prisoner by appointment of the Court?" Then, turning to the prisoner: "You may have five days to confer with your attorney and decide upon your plea. Let the case be continued until the 16th, if that is satisfactory to the district attorney's office?"

Burton nodded readily. He hoped that the old fellow would be able to put up some shadow of a defense, however flimsy. Unless he woke up and made some effort he was almost certain to get the limit. And the limit was fifteen years. Any one could see that the fellow wasn't a degenerate criminal type. Once the war was over, he would be as sober and law-abiding a citizen as the rest. Burton made a mental note to file his case among the recommendations for leniency.

On the 16th the Schwartzmiller case came up again in its regular order.

"Er—I believe I appointed Mr. Warren as counsel for the prisoner," began the Judge, fumbling over the papers.

A distinguished-looking gray-haired man rose quietly from a front seat. "If it please the Court," he announced, "I have been retained as counsel for Mr. Schwartzmiller."

There were a stir and a craning of necks in the court-room. The district attorney sat up in surprise. The speaker was Hallett, of Hallett, Miller & Starret, one of the most prominent law firms in the city.

"Ah, yes," said the Court, recovering its composure. "Mr. Hallett. Well, sir, are you prepared to enter a plea for your client?"

"No, your Honor," said Hallett, crisply; "we are not prepared to plead, but, instead, we desire to file a demurrer to the indictment."

The district attorney leaned forward, frowning heavily. "A demurrer?" repeated the Court. "On what grounds?"

"On the ground that the facts stated in the indictment do not constitute a crime under the laws of our State."

The Court sighed resignedly. "Set the demurrer down for argument on the 19th," he directed, and proceeded to call the next case.

Burton went back to his office and sat down at his desk to puzzle the matter out. "I don't like it," he commented, thoughtfully. "Hallett was never much given to lost causes. I wonder what he can be up to. I'm afraid we have left a loose end somewhere. Here, Jimmy," he turned to the figure anxiously watching him. "Hand me that last volume, please. I want to run over those statutes again."

"Here it is," said Jimmy, eagerly. "I've got it all marked." Burton read the indicated section aloud:

"Whoever shall maliciously prepare combustible matter or explosive substances and put them in any place with the intent to set fire or to blow up or destroy any house or building, or ship, vessel, steamboat, or other watercraft, shall, upon conviction, suffer imprisonment at hard labor for not less than five

years nor more than fifteen years, although the said person had not yet set fire to the combustible matter or explosive substance.

"Well," he commented, decisively, "it isn't there! That's about as clearly worded and comprehensive a statute as our worthy but sometimes rather carelessly inclined Legislature has passed in a long time. I think even old Judge De Forest would approve of its accurate phrasing. It must be in the drawing of the indictment. Get the papers out, Jimmy, and we'll go over them again and find out where we stand."

Burton spread out the papers in the case and went over them. Then he went over them again. After that he paused just long enough to send word to the outer office that he was not to be disturbed for anything short of a double murder, and turned back to his desk to begin at the beginning again in a systematic search for the flaw.

When the clock struck four, Jimmy permitted himself a long-drawn-out sigh. "Say, Mr. Burton," he began, timidly, and then taking encouragement as the district attorney lifted his head, "Say, Mr. Burton, this ain't no real error we're hunting," he burst out. "This here is one of them Christian Science errors, what you gotter take out in thinkin'."

Burton's tense face relaxed in the first smile of the afternoon. "I'm afraid you are right, Jimmy," he acknowledged, ruefully. "It certainly isn't in this woodpile, anyway. Of course, Hallett has something in mind, but, whatever it is, this demurrer itself must be only a blind. He probably needs these extra few days to work up some other part of his case, and we might as well save our powder until we can see the target."

Jimmy rose with alacrity, his eyes on the office clock. "It's funny, ain't it," he stated, wistfully, "how a fellow won't notice the time nor nothin' when he's busy."

"Great Scott!" said Burton. "Haven't we had luncheon yet? And what has happened to the office that they haven't interrupted us once?"

"They did—we were," explained Jimmy, delightedly, "several times; but you didn't take any notice of them, and I just told 'em that they'd have to wait."

Burton laughed. "Well," he suggested, "I think you and I have done our share of work to-day, anyhow. Suppose we just go out of the side door and see if we can hunt up a beefsteak? I feel rather hollow myself. How about you, Jimmy?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, respectfully, but with dancing eyes. "That'll be pretty fine, sir."

The 19th found Burton ready for any emergency, but as much in the dark as to the real purpose of the demurrer as he had been at first. It was a decided relief when the case of State vs. Schwartzmiller was finally reached and Hallett rose to present his argument.

"Our demurrer," he stated, easily, "is leveled at that part of the indictment which alleges that the explosive was placed in the Charleton Hotel in this city, *and not in the ship intended to be destroyed.*"

The district attorney sat back in his chair. So it was only a time-catcher, after all?

"This alleged crime is covered by Section 509 of the Revised Statutes, and from the wording of the statute it is clear that, in order to come within its provisions, the explosive substance must be put in the house, building, ship, vessel, etc., intended to be destroyed."

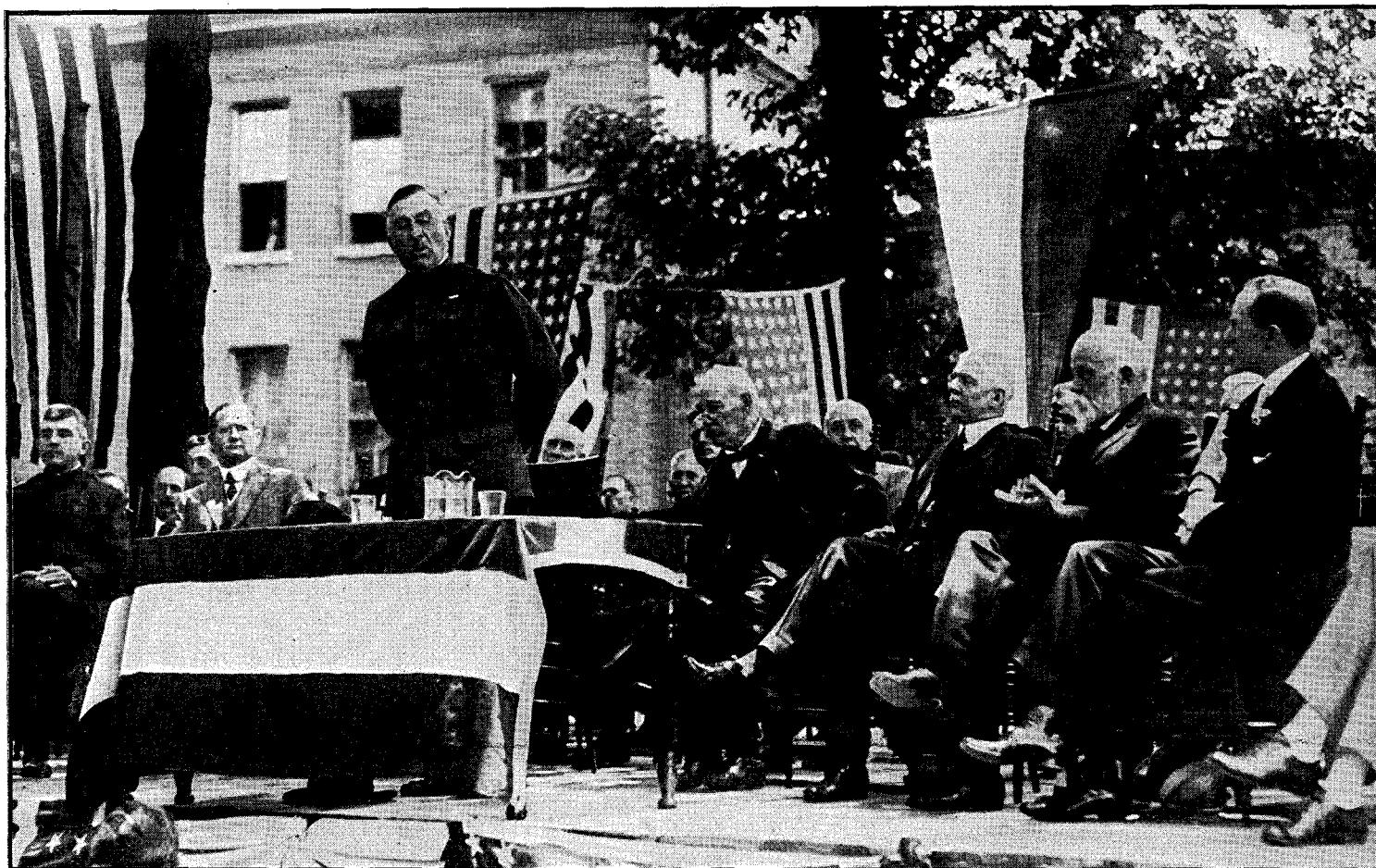
Jimmy was twisting uneasily at Burton's side, his impatient fingers running along the words of the section under discussion. "Why, he's crazy!" he muttered, disgustedly. "Can't he read what the statute says?"

Hallett was talking blandly on. "This section prescribes a punishment for whoever has prepared combustible matter or explosive substances and has put them in any place with intent to destroy that place, even though he has not set fire to the explosive or combustible; but to constitute this offense one must have put the explosive in the place to be destroyed or, at least, near by."

The district attorney listened to the plausible sentences with a faint smile of amusement. Hallett was certainly a master of sophistry and a convincing talker, but this was like arguing that two and two make five. Suddenly the excitable Jimmy jogged his elbow. "Gee whillikins," he groaned, "look at the Judge!"

Burton came out of his day dreams with a start. Judge

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



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GENERAL LEONARD WOOD IN ATLANTA

General Wood made a Commencement address at the School of Technology, in Atlanta, Georgia, where he once was a student. To the right, next to General Wood, sits Governor Harris, of Georgia; to the left, ex-Governor Slaton



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TWO AMBASSADORS AT PRINCETON

At the left walks M. Jusserand, Ambassador from France to the United States; at the right, the British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice. As representatives of two of our allies they received the degree of LL.D. from Princeton



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THE YALE ARTILLERY ARMORY

The Yale Battery fired a salute after the dedication of the Armory, built through funds contributed by Yale graduates. The usual class day baseball game, the annual regatta between Yale and Harvard, the fantastic costumes of alumni who assemble for reunions, were replaced by such scenes as are here depicted, and the customary air of festivity and good-fellowship was supplanted by a spirit of solemnity and determination.

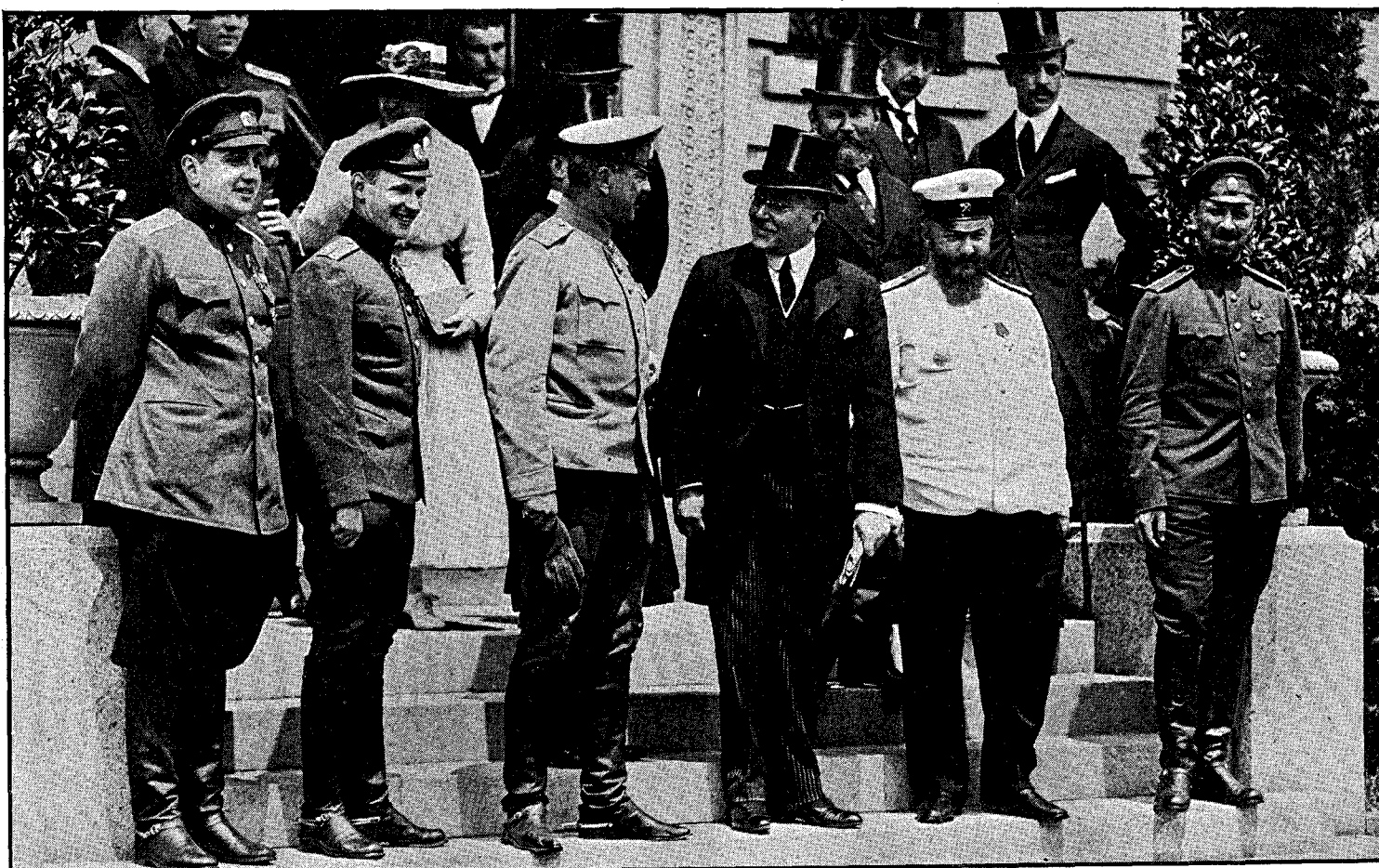
MILITARY ASPECTS OF COMMENCEMENT DAY



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A JAPANESE JAVELIN-THROWER

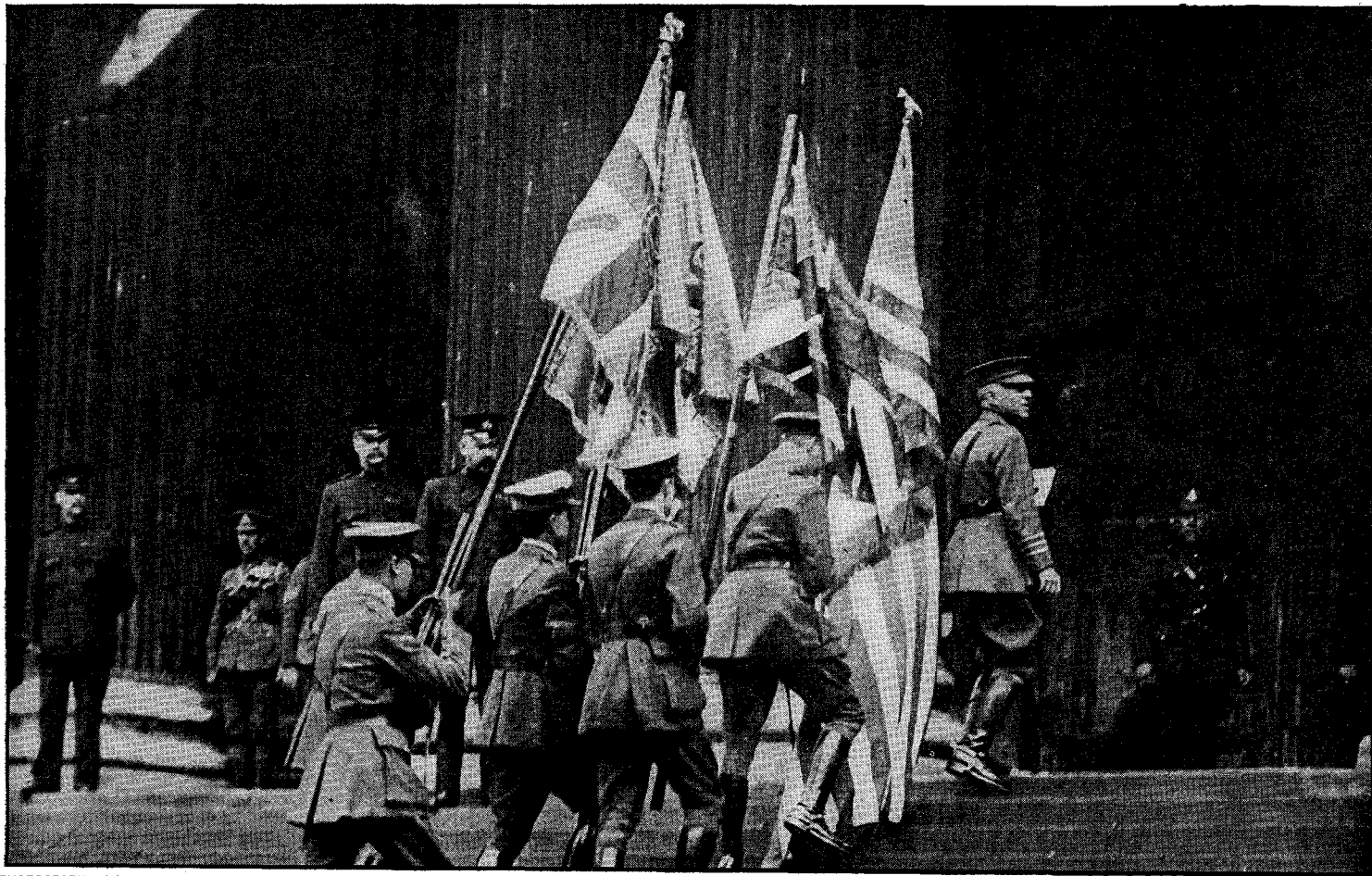
A scene from the Far Eastern Olympic Games lately held in Tokyo. China and the United States were represented—the latter by Filipinos



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THE RUSSIAN MISSION TO AMERICA

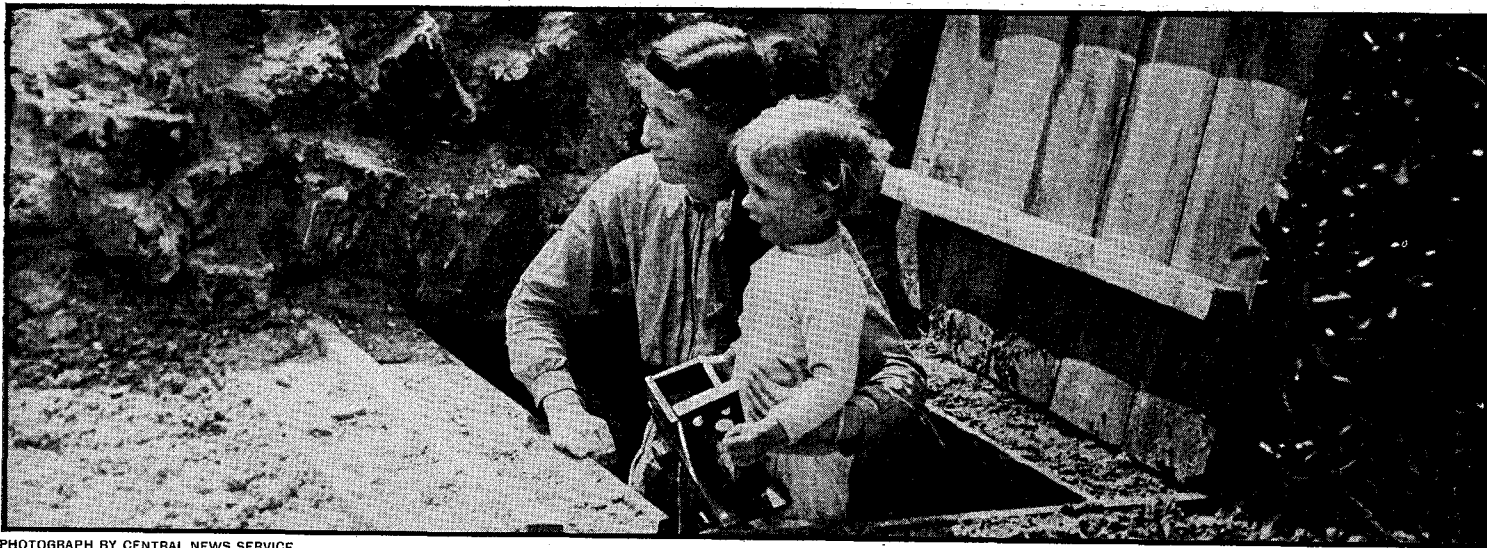
Almost simultaneously with the arrival in Petrograd of the American Mission to London, headed by Mr. Elihu Root, there arrived in the United States a Russian Mission headed by Mr. Boris A. Bakhmetieff. In this picture he stands fourth from the left. Next him to the reader's left is Lieutenant-General Roop; to the reader's right, Professor Lomonosoff, of the Russian Council of Engineers



PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE

THE AMERICAN FLAG AT ST. PAUL'S, LONDON

Soon after the United States entered the war American flags, sent over especially for the purpose, were escorted to St. Paul's Cathedral by the American Legion in London, and were displayed there with impressive ceremony. The American Ambassador was present



PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE



PHOTOGRAPH FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

TWO WAYS OF THWARTING GERMAN BRUTALITY

In the first of the two pictures above the mother and child in their garden on the English east coast are ready to retreat to their "dugout" if German air-ships threaten their lives by bombs. In the second troops in the trenches have donned their gas-masks (the latest type is here shown), for the gas-attack gong has sounded the alarm. The German gas attacks, so horrible at first, have become less dangerous because of the ingenious and scientific preparations against them

De Forest was leaning forward in his chair, his slender, aristocratic hands following the lines of the statute, which the lawyer had presented for his inspection, his keen eyes narrowed in earnest thought.

Burton glanced down at his own book in bewilderment. Could there be a misprint in his copy? The words were plain before his eyes:

Whoever shall maliciously prepare combustible matter or explosive substances and put them in any place with the intent to set fire or to blow up or destroy any house or building, or ship, vessel, steamboat, or other watercraft, shall, upon conviction, suffer imprisonment.

This fellow was deliberately misconstruing the plain words of the statute in question. He was talking nonsense—and yet, to the Judge, at least, it was not nonsense. Hallett was still talking. Would the fellow never stop?

"This indictment charges that the accused placed the explosive prepared by him in the Charleton Hotel in this city, with the intent to blow up and destroy a ship sailing between New York and Havre, France. This is clearly not the offense denounced by the section of the Statutes now under consideration, and it does not appear to be covered by any law of this State. Therefore we contend that the demurrer should be sustained and the indictment dismissed."

The district attorney arose in a daze. "I am amazed that such a distorted and forced construction should be put upon the wording of so simple a statute," he began, weakly. "This section clearly covers the crime described in the indictment. It expressly provides a punishment for whoever has prepared combustible matter or explosive substances and has put them in *any* place, with the intent to blow up or destroy any ship, etc. And it is quite immaterial whether that place where the combustible is put is the place intended to be destroyed or not, provided only that the intent to destroy some building or ship is present at the time. In this case we have clearly shown both the placing in the Charleton Hotel and the intent to destroy a ship at a definite time."

The Judge listened, politely unimpressed, until the argument was concluded and the district attorney, rather red as to face and shaking as to hands, had reseated himself. Then, with the slow deliberation for which he was noted, he proceeded to analyze the situation.

"We have here," said Judge De Forest, slowly, "a group of sections dealing with combustibles and their use. Section 507 denounces the firing or blowing up with explosive substances of any house, ship, etc. Section 508 denounces the attempt to do the things denounced in the previous section, and Section 509 denounces the preparation and placing of combustibles with the intent to fire or blow up a house, ship, etc., although such combustible has not yet been set fire to." He paused, impressively.

"A thorough examination and consideration of the question at issue shows this last section cannot by any reasonable construction be given the meaning contended for by the State. The 'any place' mentioned in Section 509 is clearly that place intended to be set fire or blown up. The mere preparation of explosive substances with intent to destroy property or the having of them in one's possession for that purpose, which is really the charge contained in the indictment, does not constitute an offense under this section; and it does not appear to be covered by any law of this State.

"The fact that there is no law covering such an offense is doubtless because the Legislature never had in contemplation the acts set out in the indictment. The placing of an explosive in a box, with its clockwork mechanism so arranged and timed that it would explode after the lapse of a certain number of days, was hardly thought of when this legislation was enacted.

"At all events, the Legislature when it adopted this legislation evidently did not have in view the purpose to punish the acts charged and set out in this indictment, and a meaning which it did not have at the time of enactment cannot be subsequently read into it.

"Every one will concede that these acts deserve punishment, but the remedy lies with the Legislature and not with the Court. The demurrer must be sustained and the indictment dismissed."¹

¹ Adapted from the decision in the case of *State vs. Helle*, 137 La. 388, 68 Southern Reporter, 735.

There were only a few stragglers in the court-room. A simple demurrer does not command the popular interest that a jury trial arouses, and most of those present did not take in the significance of the decision at first. Even the reporters went on apathetically completing their notes until a sudden exclamation from one of their number brought them all to their feet with the realization that something big had broken.

The district attorney sat stunned. He looked at the familiar figure on the bench. The clear-cut, aristocratic features were faintly tinged with complacency, as if the speaker were still enjoying the smooth logic of his faultless deductions. After a moment the Judge looked up, and his calm glance met the indignant eyes of the prosecutor. For an instant he looked full into that face where bewildered surprise still struggled against indignant condemnation; then he folded his proud lips into a straight line of reserve and turned away.

Burton gathered up his papers and made his way blindly back to his office. "He's a fool!" he said, under his breath. "A self-opinionated, arrogant, stiff-necked perversion of justice! That man is a menace to the welfare of the country. How could he read that arbitrary meaning into the plain statute?"

Jimmy sat huddled in the corner, awed and silent. "Gee," he muttered, hotly, when Burton finally paused, out of breath, "he'd oughter be recalled!"

The district attorney swung abruptly around. He had forgotten that he was not alone. Now, as he took in the bristling indignation of his young assistant, his sense of justice reasserted itself. After a moment he sat down before the table and began to talk more calmly in an effort to undo the harm he had done.

"I was wrong, Jimmy," he said, slowly. "It never does any good to call names. The old Judge isn't any of the things I've said he was. Every one knows that he has been a credit to the bench for many years. But it's like this, Jimmy:

"Judge De Forest was brought up in an old school where a high standard of technical perfection was the rule. When laws were enacted, they were prepared by trained minds and drawn with the highest degree of technical skill, so that when they were completed they were as accurately phrased and worded as if they had been drawn to a scale. And once you had grasped their technical meaning you had reached the essence of the law. So when the courts decided according to the technicalities, they could be pretty sure that they were deciding in accordance with the intent of the law.

"But times have changed now. They don't send trained lawmakers to the Legislatures—but farmers, and merchants, and business men. These men don't attempt to draw the laws according to the old, complicated, technical rules, but in common, every-day language. So if you want to know what the laws they draw mean you must construe the words, not according to their old-style technical meanings, but according to their common, ordinary, every-day usage. And that is just what the old Judge can't bring himself to realize.

"He's been rendering judgments according to a close, technical interpretation of the laws all his life and the decisions have been just. He can't understand why the same method won't render substantial justice to-day.

"Can you understand what I am driving at?"

"Sure!" said Jimmy, eagerly. "I know—it's just like at school, when they changed the football rules on us, and us older fellows just couldn't seem to get the hang of them."

"Yes," said Burton: "I think it is very much like that with Judge De Forest."

But the Judge himself made no effort to justify his decision. He went his accustomed way behind the barrier of an inflexible silence, and if he aged a little in the weeks that followed his proud composure remained undisturbed. The evening papers, of course, came out with large headlines, and for a time indignation threatened to run high. But the affair had been disposed of so speedily and unexpectedly that the news was already old before public sentiment had had time to crystallize. A new offensive on the part of the Allies relegated the matter unceremoniously to the background before its time, and the people, in whose minds the old Judge could not easily do wrong, were content to place the blame upon the Legislature for their faulty drawing of the law, rather than upon the Court's construing of it.

The foreigner, released from custody, lost no time in leaving

the city, with the Federal authorities keeping a watchful eye on his apparently inoffensive movements. And when the Legislature had hastily added another and more comprehensive section to the statutes dealing with combustibles the city proceeded to forget the unpleasant episode, and the bomb scare became history.

Only between the Judge and the district attorney the affair still lay open and refused to heal. There had been one time, at their next encounter at the Club, when matters might have been adjusted; but the younger man had hesitated, with a sudden uncontrollable sweep of the old resentment flushing his face, and when in another instant he had swung around ready to make amends the Judge's tentative smile had vanished, and his face, turned toward the window, was as cold and hard as the marble statue of Andrew Jackson at which he was industriously gazing.

Possibly it was the same feeling of strain that caused so much friction in the court work of the next few months. Certainly it seemed to the district attorney as if there had never been so many annoying questions of procedure, so much haggling and quibbling over unessential details of pleading, so many technical difficulties arising to obstruct the path of justice.

"That's the third of those bootlegging cases we've lost out on," said Burton, resignedly, one day several months later. "I suppose this Haggerty case will go the same way. It's hardly worth the trouble of trying."

"Are these all the papers, Jimmy? Here, let me have that Hepplewaite answer, too. I can look it over in the interval while the Judge is making up his mind to quash this indictment."

The court-room was unusually lazy, with the loosening tension of the first warm days of summer. Even the Judge looked a trifle less severe, as if his dignity had melted a little around the edges.

The argument proceeded along its slow, dragging length. It was another demurrer, sustained by one of those technicalities which it was the Judge's especial delight to ferret out and uphold. Burton had prosecuted three cases along similar lines in the last two months, and he not only knew the line of reasoning on both sides by heart, but could make a good guess as to the probable decision.

Outside the newsboys were beginning to call another one of their interminable war extras. "All About the Big Disaster—Ship Sunk in Mid-Ocean—Thousands Lost!" One by one the spectators slipped out of their seats, to return with folded newspapers. The court-room began to buzz with excited whisperings. The Court frowned ominously upon the unseemly disturbance—Judge De Forest was a stickler for convention in his court-room.

Finally he cleared his throat and rose. "We'll take an adjournment for ten minutes," he announced, stiffly, glancing at the clock, which marked close to the usual mid-morning recess. "That will give us all the necessary time to get up on the last-minute news, which seems to be of such paramount importance this morning." But his sarcasm was wasted on the quickly emptying court-room, and the Judge retired to his chambers in dignified displeasure.

Burton started toward the door with the others, but the faithful Jimmy was already beside him, with a crumpled newspaper outstretched. "Say," he gasped, "what do you think of this? I guess this will hold his Honor for a time, all right!"

Burton's quick eyes followed the impatient fingers down the page until they rested on the meager telegraphed account. When he had read it, he sat silent, looking steadily out of the window, so that Jimmy could not see his face. A great crowded liner had gone down at sea, wrecked by a bomb concealed in the cargo. The New York police were holding the confessed criminal—a stolid, harmless-looking foreign toy-maker named Hans Schwartzmiller!

Burton's eyes swung slowly back to the closed door of the Judge's chambers. What heartbreak was going on behind that paneled barricade? He had wanted the Judge to see the light, to realize his folly—but not this way—not at this cost! The bootlegging case that had been almost certainly lost was as good as won now. But Burton was not thinking of that. He would have lost a hundred cases, he thought, with a choke in

his throat, if he could have saved the old Judge from this bitter hour.

When the slow-moving clock marked the quarter hour, the Judge walked out of his chambers and took his place; the stragglers, augmented now to a curious buzzing crowd, found seats again, and the court was called to order.

Burton rose awkwardly and stumbled into the familiar words of his argument. He hardly dared to look at the tragic, white-faced figure on the bench.

The Judge sat stiffly erect, his hands locked under the folds of his gown, his features expressionless. But the sea of faces in the crowded court-room shifted and blurred before his senses, until his straining eyes saw only a waste of tumbling waters, lashed into foam by the beating of helpless hands.

Outside the open windows children coming home from school paused for a game of jacks on the hospitably broad steps of the court-house, and boys at hopscotch shouted gleeful warnings as they skillfully maneuvered across the flaggings. Their voices echoed through the room like the chime of a ship's bells at the change of the watch!

The Judge rose to render his decision—his face was like old ivory. His tense lips moved uncertainly, as if over unfamiliar words. "The law—" he said—"The administration of justice—" he paused—"The case at bar—"

Suddenly his voice strengthened and tightened. He looked down at the familiar desk, and then out into the faces of the court-room, and his eyes were no longer blurred, but as clear and deep as the sea itself. "The case at bar," decreed the old Judge, firmly, "does not come within the purview of the statute in question, and cannot properly be governed by it. We have already ruled upon this question in the three cases that have been recently before us. The demurrer is sustained and the indictment dismissed."

An audible gasp of amazement sounded over the tense audience. The counsel for the prisoner, half-way to his feet, ready to protest the expected decision, sat down, foolishly. The whispers deepened to a murmur, and from somewhere on the back benches rose the menace of a stifled hiss. But the rigid decorum of the court-room and the stern, unyielding face of the old Judge held the threatening tumult in check, and the sullen crowd, still milling over its displeasure, began to drain slowly out into the corridors. The district attorney was the first to notice that the slender figure on the bench was swaying.

He was on his feet in an instant, and his strong arms supported the Judge into his chambers and laid him easily on the couch. "Keep out that mob," he ordered Jimmy, hastily. "Send some one for a doctor."

The Judge came slowly back to consciousness. He looked wearily up into the anxious face bent over him. "I'm sorry, dear boy," he began, weakly. "I've tried; I can't seem to see things but one way."

"I understand, Judge. It's all right; you musn't worry."

"I know—there's something wrong," went on the tired voice. "I've been feeling it. Things don't seem to work out, somehow—the old way's passing, I suppose—but it's hard to teach an old dog new tricks."

"Oh, don't," begged the district attorney, desperately. "Don't—it's all right, Judge!"

The stern lips quivered pitifully as the old Judge fought for composure. After a time he lay back exhausted, his face drawn with pain.

Jimmy, returning, slipped down by Burton's side and helped to support the frail figure. Gradually, as they watched, the tense lines around the mouth and forehead relaxed, and the harsh, rasping breath softened into the even breathing of a tired child. They thought he was asleep; but when they laid the gray head back upon a hastily improvised pillow the Judge opened his eyes again.

"It is the letter that—deadeneth, but the spirit that—quickeneth again," he said, haltingly, and, after a moment quite clearly, "To the Superior Court—on error—reversed, and the indictment—sustained."

"Oh, look!" cried Jimmy, suddenly. "Why—why, he's smiling."

But the eyes of the district attorney were too dim to see.

THE READER'S VIEW

UNITARIAN PRESIDENTS

In your paragraph (copied from the Washington "Star," in your issue of May 9—By the Way, page 84) giving the religious preferences of our Presidents, it is stated that it is difficult to determine the affiliations of Jefferson and Fillmore. No such difficulty exists. In Ford's "Jefferson," Volume X, page 220, a letter from Jefferson to Dr. Waterhouse (June 26, 1822) is given in which he states: "I trust that there is not a *young man* now living in the United States who will not die a Unitarian." In another letter to the same friend Jefferson states that when living in Philadelphia he attended the services held by Dr. Priestley, and it is well known that he shared the religious beliefs of that eminent Unitarian divine. In the recently published life of Fillmore by William E. Griffis there are repeated references to Fillmore's Unitarian faith, attention being called to the fact that he took President-elect Lincoln on Sunday to his pew in the Unitarian church—Dr. Hosmer's—in Buffalo.

This makes *five* Unitarian Presidents out of the total of twenty-seven—a very much larger number in proportion to its membership in the Nation than any other church. This statement is made in no spirit of sectarian boasting, though it is a pardonable pride for any denomination to decorate itself with the names of its great men and women, but simply for the sake of historical truth.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Amherst, Massachusetts.

WHAT MY COUNTRY EXPECTS

I am thirty-five years old and the father of six children. I am probably one of those men who will not be called for military duty. What, then, does my country expect of me?

It expects of me, first, that I will be loyal in thought and word. Momentous affairs of state will develop of which, necessarily, I will be ignorant. It asks of me that I suspend private judgment; it asks that I refrain from spreading unrest by hasty criticism of what I, in my limited judgment, do not understand; and that I allow no craven, disloyal speech to go unrebutted. It swears me into its service through faith in my citizenship, and I must see, on my honor, that that faith is not repaid in me in vain.

It asks me, if I have soil, to till it for the common good, and to stay with the job on days when I would much prefer to take my ease. It asks me to toil with hoe and rake so that the hand of hunger may not strike down those who fight with us in freedom's name. It asks me to remember when my pampered back muscles ache from the grim monotony of grubbing weeds that other men give their lives that I may live with my family in safety behind the lines. And, remembering this, I would be of a traitor's breed if I did not keep faith.

It asks me to teach my children the causes that forced it to draw the sword. It asks me not to encourage them to play at war with juvenile blood lust. It asks me to explain to them how a free people, against its will, in sorrow rather than in anger, was forced to spring to arms to strike down a royal house that threatened to slay ruthlessly the civilization that mankind has labored centuries to create. To this end it asks that I teach my children so that they shall come to manhood and to womanhood

with a high, clean conception of human liberty and with a passionate love for the ideals for which this great country stands.

If I am rich, it asks me to live simply, so that there may be enough for those who are poorer than I.

If I am poor, it asks me to remember that it is at me that war always strikes hardest; but that, nevertheless, it is men like me who have fashioned all that is bravest and strongest and truest in the world. It asks me not to forget my glorious heritage.

It asks me to stand boldly before God and man for what I am—an American.

Jersey City, New Jersey.

W. H.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS

The Outlook of February 7 contained a note in your department By the Way to the following effect: "Apropos of the sailing of a ship from New York with Christmas gifts for the Pitcairn Islanders, a kind-hearted friend asks whether he could send a weekly letter to these lonely people." You replied that, according to information from the Post-Office Department, mail reaches Pitcairn Island only about once a year, and then via San Francisco to Yokohama, thence to Tahiti, and so on. I wish to say that there is now a four-weekly steamer service between San Francisco and Tahiti direct, and that there are occasional vessels from Tahiti that touch at Pitcairn Island.

Also, within the past six months a new steamer line has been established between Great Britain and Australia via the Panama Canal, the line of the route passing within sight of Pitcairn Island, and an occasional call is made by these steamers at this island for the purpose of conveying mail and merchandise to its inhabitants.

Less than one month ago a small party of Pitcairn Islanders visited the place from which this letter is written, Papeete, Tahiti, having made the voyage in a small vessel of their own construction, which looked the part; it had made this trip, some twelve hundred miles, in six weeks. The occasion for this voyage, and for which purpose the small craft was built, was the desire to purchase clothing for the feminine part of the population of Pitcairn Island. In frankly home-made lettering on the boat's bow appeared its name, "The Bounty Bay."

Generations of isolation have rendered the Pitcairn Islanders a simple and unsophisticated people. In fact, if I may be pardoned a genial sarcasm, the general average of intelligence to be found among them is but little, if any, greater than that encountered in the average State legislative assembly at home.

I have met at various times several direct descendants of the Bounty mutineers whose ancestors left their island home years ago. One of these is at present engaged in Red Cross work in Great Britain; a few reside in Tahiti; quite a number live on Norfolk Island, which is a few days' voyage from Sydney, New South Wales; these last are descendants of a colony that left Pitcairn Island many years ago.

Pitcairn Island is not a very fertile chunk of rock, and is so far to the southward as to be well out of the tropical belt. Its lack of size and fertility prevents the possibility of its sustaining much of a population. The voyagers of the Bounty Bay above alluded to informed us that at pres-

ent there are considerably less than one hundred souls on the island. They are indeed a lonely people, and they greatly appreciate attention from the outside world. I write this in the hope that friends interested may learn that mail communication with the Pitcairn Islanders is now of greater frequency than once a year.

IRVING G. SMITH.

Box 77, Papeete, Tahiti, Society Islands, via steamer from San Francisco. April 4, 1917.

A PRAYER AGAINST SUBMARINES

While looking over back numbers of The Outlook that had escaped my notice in Europe, I saw Mr. Speranza's article on "Soldiers' Prayers" (February 4, 1917), followed by an "Italian Prayer" (February 21, 1917).

Perhaps you may be interested in a "prayer for protection against submarines," which seems quite timely now. It was first thought of at Gorizia, within range of Austrian fire, and was composed for me, in view of my passage across the Atlantic, by Monsignor Quadrini, a Roman prelate of distinction, and canon of St. John Lateran, now a chaplain in the royal Italian navy.

I may add that the exorcism proved effective *ad litteram*, since the ship on which I crossed did encounter a most picturesque assortment of disasters on her way to this side, but submarines she successfully dodged.

Here is the text, and may it bring good luck to other prospective sailors of the deep, as well as to all the Allies on all the seas!

AMY A. BERNARDY.

New York City.

The prayer which Miss Bernardy has sent us we print below both in the Latin text and in translation.

The word *silurantes*, which cannot be found in the ordinary Latin lexicon, needs explanation: In Italian *siluro* is the word used for the torpedo shell. We suppose it comes from the Latin *silurus*, the sheatfish or catfish. From this noun is derived the verb *silurare*, which means to fire a torpedo. It has been suggested that the word might be adapted to the English language, and thus, instead of saying that a vessel was torpedoed, it might be said that it was silurated. Of course, it is easy to transform this word with its new meaning and its derivatives back into the Latin. The submarines, therefore, are the torpedoers, or *silurantes*. Probably an old Roman would hardly recognize this word derived from catfish as the designation of an incredibly powerful device for sea warfare. In translating the prayer we used for the passages from the Psalms the Douay Version—that is, the Roman Catholic translation of the Bible into English—since this prayer was written by a Roman Catholic prelate and the quotations from the Psalms are from the Roman Catholic Latin text.—THE EDITORS.

CONTRA SILURANTES

Psalm cxviii: Gressus meos dirige secundum eloquium tuum, ut non dominetur mei omnis injustitia.

Psalm xxiv: Deus meus, in te confido, non erubescam.

Psalm lviii: Eripe me de inimicis meis, Deus meus, et ab insurgentibus in me libera me.

Psalm ci: Domine, exaudi orationem meam, et clamor meus ad te veniat.

Oremus: Deus qui transtulisti patres

nostros per mare rubrum, et transvestisti eos per aquam nimiam, laudem tui nominis decantantes, te suppliciter deprecamur, ut in navi famulos tuos, repulsis adversitatibus inimicorumque subaqueis insidiis, portu semper optabili, cursuque tranquillo tuearis. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

FOR AID AGAINST SUBMARINES

Psalm cxviii: Direct my steps according to thy word: and let no iniquity have dominion over me.

Psalm xxiv: In thee, O my God, I put my trust; let me not be ashamed.

Psalm lviii: Deliver me from my enemies, O my God; and defend me from them that rise up against me.

Psalm ci: Hear, O Lord, my prayer; and let my cry come to thee.

Let us pray: O God, who brought our fathers through the Red Sea and carried them through the deluge, while they continued to sing praise to thy name, we humbly beseech thee that thou wilt watch over thy servants in the ship, warding off the enemy's attacks and snares under water, always bringing them to the haven where they would be and on a quiet voyage, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

FROM THE MAYOR OF LYONS

[One of the wonders of the world war has been the democracy of France; and not the least striking illustration of the efficiency of French democracy has been the organization of its civil industries for the prevention of waste and the conservation of all the Republic's resources.

Mayor Herriot, whose letter we print in translation below, was for a time President of the governmental committee that mobilized and directed the commercial forces of France. His extraordinary gifts for this executive duty had already been shown by what he had done as Mayor of Lyons and, in particular, as the chief organizer of the Lyons Fair. As our readers may remember, this Fair was not a popular exposition, but an exhibit to facilitate manufactures and commerce.

In brief, what Mayor Édouard Herriot did was to direct a great international council of the captains of industry of the Allies and friendly neutrals. For the time being, at least, he was a generalissimo of a great international commercial army.

American men of business take pride in their ability to "hustle." We wonder, however, how many American business men could write so gracious a letter as that which follows in an English version. Indeed, the postscript, written in Monsieur Herriot's handwriting, no American could have written, for it could have been written only in French: "*Vivent nos chers alliés des États Unis!*" We cannot respond in kind. About the best we can do is to say, "France forever!"—THE EDITORS.]

May 2, 1917.

To the Editor of The Outlook:

Dear Sir—M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington, has been kind enough to send me a clipping from The Outlook of March 21 last which contains an article on the Lyons Fair.

On behalf of the Lyons Fair Committee I thank you heartily for the cordial praise you have been so good as to bestow on our undertaking.

As you have made clear in your article, the Fair of 1917 has been much more important than that of 1916, and the total amount of business much more extensive,

although the difficulties involved were greater.

We hope that our American allies will give their assistance to our Fair more and more every year. They can aid us in this way in the economical struggle we have undertaken against our enemy, for the success of which we are prepared to work with all our energy.

Kindly accept, my dear editor, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

E. HERRIOT,

Mayor of Lyons and President of the Organization Committee.

Long live our dear allies of the United States!—HERRIOT (Senator, and formerly Minister).

BUDDHISM IN SEATTLE

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

With the influx of Japanese into Seattle, Washington, Buddhism has come; and its financial as well as spiritual support has made possible the establishment in that city of a very fine Japanese Buddhist temple, it being the only one on the coast owned outright by the Japanese and entirely free of debt.

There are over four thousand Japanese



BRONZE STATUE OF BUDDHA WITHIN THE SHRINE

Buddhists in Seattle, and they have contributed generously toward the building and support of this temple, whose plain exterior gives no hint of the magnificent shrine of Buddha within. Entering the auditorium, and following the crimson-carpeted path, one is led to this shrine, which is undeniably Japanese, being an exquisite piece of lacquered work, as brilliant as a highly polished mirror. This, and the table in front of it, were lacquered thirty-three times. This work, which was done in Japan, could not have been accomplished here, and is rare even in that country. Surmounting the temple is a crown-like effect of heavy gold leaf, and when the shrine doors uncloze a blaze of glittering glory dazzles the eyes. The shrine was a gift from Henganji Temple, head of the Buddhist mission in Kyoto. In a small temple within the shrine is a bronze statue of Buddha, about seven inches high, brought from India recently, and said to be over twenty-three hundred years old. It is beautifully fashioned and in excellent condition. This statue, with the right hand upraised, is believed to be a representation of Buddha Gautama when, shortly after his birth, according to the legend, he walked three paces and with uplifted arm

proclaimed his greatness in a voice of thunder!

The relic holds an honored place in the temple, and during the birthday anniversary celebrations of Shakamuni perfumed tea is poured from a long-handled, ladle-shaped spoon over the head of the statue. This liquid, which is received in a bronze bowl, is sipped by the Buddhist adherent. The ceremony is supposed to be symbolic of Buddhist baptism, though baptism does not enter into their services now.

The *jesu*, or rosary, is used by the Buddhists, a priest at the temple owning one for which his great-grandfather carved the beads, by hand, from small peachstones. It is over two hundred years old, and an exquisite piece of work, the beads being fastened together with amber clasps, and there is a green silken tassel drawn through a large meerschaum bead on the end.

Candles are burned before the shrine and the priests are gorgeously robed at the services, which take place every Sunday evening. An aroma of sandalwood and rose leaves permeates the air; gifts of candy, fruits, and flowers are in choice receptacles before the Buddha. The services are all chanted in Japanese, and the sermon delivered in the same tongue.

Thus, while the Japanese residents in Seattle have become strongly identified with things American, within this Buddhist temple, built by their accumulation of American dollars, one is transported back to the early ages when Buddhism, with its shorn priests, its croziers, *jesu*, incense, candles, statues, and other insignia of Orientalism, ruled with more power than the sword itself. The air of mysticism shuts away the sounds of hustling American traffic without, and one is back in old Japan.

GRACE FOR GARDENS

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

Lord God in paradise,
Look upon our sowing,
Bless the little gardens
And the good green growing!
Give us sun,
Give us rain,
Bless the orchards
And the grain!

Lord God in paradise,
Please bless the beans and peas,
Give us corn full on the ear—
We will praise thee, Lord, for these!
Bless the blossom
And the root,
Bless the seed
And the fruit!

Lord God in paradise,
Over my brown field is seen,
Trembling and adventuring,
A miracle of green.
Send such grace
As you know,
To keep it safe
And make it grow!

Lord God in paradise,
For the wonder of the seed,
Wondering, we praise you, while
We tell you of our need.
Look down from paradise,
Look upon our sowing,
Bless the little gardens
And the good green growing!
Give us sun,
Give us rain,
Bless the orchards
And the grain!

—From the New York "Times."

WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on *The Outlook* of June 27, 1917

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of *The Outlook* will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Food Situation.

Reference: Page 316; editorial, page 321; pages 323-325.

Questions:

1. State The Outlook's attitude toward National food control, giving its reasons.
2. Upon whom does Mr. Watrous place responsibility for clouding the vision of the people on the food control question? Does he sustain his charge?
3. For what reasons is Congress willing to pass the Food Survey Bill, but unwilling to pass the Food Control Bill?
4. What are the objects of the Food Control Bill? Is the measure anti-democratic? Before answering question 4 read each section of the bill carefully as reported on page 325 of *The Outlook*.
5. What is your opinion of the statement that those who object to Government control of food prices and distribution are "allies of the Kaiser"?
6. Judged by our Civil War history, what authority has the President in time of war? Give a long list of things the President can do in war time *without consulting Congress*.
7. By way of summary give as many reasons as you can why Congress should pass the Food Control Bill.

B. Topic: Conditions of Peace.

Reference: Editorial, page 320.

Questions:

(This topic should be studied liberally by all American citizens. One's intelligence and ideals will be revealed more by what he believes about the conditions of peace than perhaps by any other single current topic.)

1. Tell how The Outlook establishes its position that "the Europe of 1914 can never be restored." Are you as sure about this matter as is *The Outlook*?
2. The Outlook is also sure that out of this war a new Europe will be born. How does it reach this conclusion? Does your idea of a new Europe after this war coincide with The Outlook's idea of a new Europe? Why or why not?
3. The Outlook says: "The lessons of liberty which the whole civilized world *has learned* (italics mine) . . . must be applied in the making of the new Europe." What are those lessons?
4. Do you think Germany should "be tried, convicted, and punished by the other nations"? The Outlook does not think so. Does Germany deserve such treatment? Be sure you *think through* the meaning of question 4.
5. Would Germany be satisfied with the changes which The Outlook considers "necessary to any just and lasting peace"?
6. If not, how could that peace be lasting?
6. Do you know of any victories, personal

or national, that have led to *permanent* peace? 7. How are justice and righteousness to be secured for Europe and the world at large? (Read the following references in studying this topic: "The Diplomacy of the Great War," by Bullard, Chapter XI; "The World Storm and Beyond," by Schoonmaker, Chapters I, V; "Obstacles to Peace," by S. S. McClure; "What Is Coming," by Wells, Chapters I, IV, IX; "Nationality in Modern History," Lecture X; "Germany vs. Civilization," by Thayer, Chapters XIII, XIV; "The Possible Peace," by Hugins, Chapters XI, XII; "The World Crisis and Its Meaning," by Adler, Chapter I; "To-Morrow," by Münsterberg, Chapters VIII, IX; and "The German Republic," by Wellman.)

C. Topic: An International Battle Hymn.
Reference: Editorial, page 321.

Questions:

1. Have you ever made a study of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"? It is well worth your while to do so.
2. Study it in the light of the present world crisis and note the results.
3. Explain what Dr. Abbott means by saying that this hymn "is wholly without local color;" "is equally appropriate in all sections of the country;" and "it is an international hymn of liberty."
4. Why not attempt to extend Dr. Abbott's idea still further and have this hymn used by *all* peoples? Would it not do the Germans good?

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: Helping the War Pay for Itself.

Reference: Editorial, pages 319, 320.

Questions:

1. The Outlook says: "War, the destroyer, is also creator." . . . "History furnishes *proof* of this truth in *abundance*" (italics mine). Explain what The Outlook means, and furnish from history some of the abundance of this proof.
2. What is the conclusion The Outlook deduces from this central fact? Does it maintain this conclusion with convincing argument?
3. Do you agree with the main ideas of this editorial? Why or why not?

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of *The Outlook*, but not discussed in it.)

1. No treaties have ever been the product of international good will.
2. Any ideals are better than none.
3. Altruism has no weight in international politics.
4. Peace has as many blighting curses as war.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in *The Outlook* for June 27, 1917. After looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning in your own words.)

By-product, Provisional Constitution, revenue, treaties, heinous, Dardanelles, appropriate, hymn, disservice, inordinate, extortions, capitulates, crux, bill, enhancement, manipulation, liabilities.

THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by *The Outlook*. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Bracelet of Garnets (The), and Other Stories. By Alexander Kuprin. Translation by Leo Pasvolosky. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.35.

Dark Star (The). By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Another war romance overcrowded with sensational incidents and superabounding in spies and plotters.

McAlister's Grove. By Marion Hill. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.40.

A lively and amusing account of McAlister (Annie Laurie) and her struggle to cultivate and save an orange grove in Florida.

Man in Evening Clothes (The). By John Reed Scott. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

An amusing and sensational story of a "gentleman thief."

Old Town by the Sea (An). By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. (Visitor's Edition.) Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.25.

BIOGRAPHY

Alfred Lyttelton. An Account of His Life. By Edith Lyttelton. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$4.

Dunsany, the Dramatist. Illustrated. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

English Biography. By Waldo H. Dunn. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

POETRY

Billie Boy and I. And Other Child Verse for Adult Readers. By Will P. Snyder. Sherman, French & Co., Boston. \$1.

George Edward Woodberry. A Study of His Poetry. By Louis V. Ledoux. (Contemporary American Poet Series.) The Poetry Review Company, Cambridge, Mass. \$1.

Love Poems of Emile Verhaeren (The). Translated by F. S. Flint. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.25.

Poems of Earth's Meaning. By Richard Burton. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.25.

Soldier Songs. By Patrick Macgill. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.

Some Imagist Poets, 1917. An Annual Anthology. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 75c.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

At the North of Bearcamp Water. By Frank Bolles. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.50.

Glacier National Park: Its Trails and Treasures. By Mathilde Edith Holtz and Katharine Isabel Bemis. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.

Quito to Bogota. By A. C. Veatch. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$3.

This volume, by a well-known British engineer, takes the reader from the capital of Ecuador to the Caribbean Sea. Mr. Veatch devotes attention both to the scenic glories of this country and to its almost untouched resources. It is a vast country, too; we do not realize that Colombia embraces an area greater than all France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland. We are also apt to think of it as a rain-drenched, unhealthy country; but this book shows us that it has, in fact, a great and attractive diversity of climate.

WAR BOOKS

Carry On: Letters in War-Time. By Coningsby Dawson. The John Lane Company, New York. \$1.

Mr. Dawson left his chosen profession, that of fiction-writing, in which he had attained no mean success, to fight for England. His letters are vivid and gracefully written. There is good description in these letters—and more!